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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting, reliable, and selected news, with general news, well selected miscellanea, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Receiving so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

- ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Frederick Edgely, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.
- DANISH BROTHERHOOD—Eric Christensen, President; Anton Christensen, Secretary. Meets second and fourth Mondays.
- COURT WAGON, No. 570, Foresters of America—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Deane, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.
- THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Robertson, President; Daniel J. Connelley, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.
- LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. B. Casey Sullivan, President; Miss M. Denney, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
- DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, Mrs. Catherine Gifford; Secretary, Mrs. William Thompson. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.
- ADRIAN THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans—Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays. Commander, Charles Boldt; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hall.
- LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Catherine Gifford; Secretary, Jennie Foss. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.
- RENEWED LODGE, No. 11, K. O. R.—James H. Hampton, Chancellor; Commander, Robert H. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.
- DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of R.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney D. Harvey; J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.
- CLAS McLEOD, No. 163—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gilles, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.
- NEWPORT LODGE, No. 22, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Sundays.

Local Matters.

The drivers of the Adams Express Company have secured the granting of their demands for less hours of work, an agreement being reached last week between the men and the district superintendent. It was agreed by the company that there should be no delivery of goods after three from the train arriving here at 3 o'clock, except stuff of a perishable nature. It was also understood that the company would send more horses and men here to assist in the work, the horses feeling the strain of the long hours and hard work as much as the men if not more so.

The battleships Idaho and Mississippi have been in Newport harbor this week and are in readiness to take on the Rhode Island naval reserves today for their week's tour of duty. The Idaho arrived first and proceeded at once to Bradford to coal.

Although Mayor Boyle is very weak, he seems to hold his own in the struggle with disease. He has had several very restful nights this week and his friends are hopeful that he will soon show decided improvement.

There was a large attendance at the concert by Mullaly's Orchestra at the Casino last Sunday evening. This was the first of the season.

At the regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, bills and payrolls were approved. The request of the navy department for a reconsideration of the board's action in condemning the Hunter land for a boulevard was referred to Aldermen Mahoney and Albino. Acting Mayor Shepley reported his action in regard to entertainment of the fleet while in Newport. There was some discussion of the matter of a dumping ground in the southern part of the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Damon Lyon of New York gave their fifth annual musical and dramatic recital at Masonic Hall on Wednesday evening, before a large and fashionable audience. They were assisted by Miss Dorothy Freyer and Mrs. Kidder Pierce.

The Steamer General has been supplied with new and handsome chairs and the boat put in first class order. The old General never looked better than it does to-day.

Injured by Fall.

By the fall of a piazza at "Lyndenhurst" Monday afternoon four women received painful bruises and shocks. They were Mrs. Dennis Shauhan, Miss Beattie Shauhan, Mrs. Elmer E. Gifford, and Mrs. Thomas Coker. That none of them sustained injuries of a serious nature was very fortunate.

A quantity of furniture from the "Brioted cottage" had been removed to "Lyndenhurst" and was being sold at auction by Mr. F. W. Greene. On the veranda of the house a luncheon was served, Mrs. Gifford being in charge at the time. While the four women were on the veranda one of the supporting girders gave way and they were suddenly precipitated to the ground, a distance of some eight feet. The noise of the fall and the screams of women brought help from inside the house and the four victims were quickly extricated. They did not seem to have anything more serious than bad bruises and a general shaking up and they were taken to their homes by Mr. Coudrey in his automobile. All of them are progressing rapidly, although they have found their injuries very painful for the last few days.

Van Horne Memorial.

A memorial service for the late Rev. Mahlon A. Van Horne, for many years pastor of Union Congregational Church in this city, was held at that church last Sunday afternoon in the presence of a large number of friends. The City of Newport was represented at the service by Acting Mayor William Shepley and Aldermen Mahoney and Luddy.

Rev. E. F. Barrow, pastor of the church, officiated, being assisted by Rev. G. A. Hubert of the United Congregational Church, and Rev. William B. Reed of the Mt. Olivet Baptist Church. Rev. Mr. Barrow opened the service with brief remarks and was followed by Rev. E. B. Woodworth, pastor of the Highland Congregational Church of Providence and the oldest Congregational pastor in the State, who preached an eloquent sermon. He spoke of Mr. Van Horne's work for the church and showed how much he accomplished during his 28 years of service here. Rev. E. H. Porter spoke of Mr. Van Horne's scholarly attainments. Rev. Mr. Jeter of his work for the colored race, and Mr. John P. Sauter of his career as a citizen and public man.

Booted Lobsters.

In enforcing the lobster law, the deputies of the fish commission have all kinds of experiences. There are some men who are bound to violate the law in order to secure the small amount of money that they can obtain for the sale of short lobsters. In consequence there are all kinds of devices for secreting the lobsters and evading the watchful eyes of the deputies. Tuesday morning Deputy Harrington saw a lobster fisherman named d'Andrea walking up Spring wharf carrying a pair of rubber boots. The deputy had been a little suspicious of this lobsterman for some time, and he walked toward him with the result that d'Andrea turned and ran to the edge of the wharf and buried the boots overboard. Harrington was not daunted but plunged after them and quickly came to the surface with the boots, which on examination were found to contain six short lobsters. Later in the police court d'Andrea was fined \$32.60—and the deputy was again on the job.

Providence Land Purchase.

W. Watts Sherman and others as trustees for Mrs. Sophia A. Sherman have purchased several blocks and buildings in Providence situated between Westminster and Weybosset streets.

In the Westminster block are located Coleman & Rock, the Rhode Island Real Estate Company, Dr. E. P. Sweet, the United Cigar Stores Company, Dr. Gleason and the Arnold Post No. 4, G. A. R.

The Weybosset block, in which the Old National Bank was formerly situated, now contains the offices of the Seacoast Coal Company, Henry C. Crows & Co., John B. Carpenter, Workmen's Loan Association, the Columbia Loan Company, United States Naval Recruiting Station and the What Cheer Lodge, No. 21, E. of P. It is generally supposed that new buildings will be erected on this purchase at an early date.

The Newport Pathfinder for 1910 has made its appearance and is a very attractive and convenient booklet for either visitor or resident of Newport. It contains a great deal of useful information and many new views of Newport attractively arranged. The book is published under the management of Mr. Benjamin G. Oman.

Population of Rhode Island, 1910.

ADVANCE BULLETIN OF POPULATION.

HON. E. DANA DURAND,
Director of the Census.

SIR:—I have the honor to report that, according to the official count of the returns of the Thirteenth Census, the population of the State of Rhode Island is 542,674, as compared with 428,558 in 1900, and 346,506 in 1890. The increase from 1900 to 1910, therefore, is 114,116, or 26.6 per cent., as compared with an increase for the preceding decade of 83,050, or 24.0 per cent.

The population of the city of Providence, Rhode Island, is 221,226, as compared with 175,557 in 1900, and 132,148 in 1890. The increase from 1900 to 1910, therefore, is 45,669, or 25.8 per cent., as compared with an increase for the preceding decade of 43,451, or 32.9 per cent.

The population of Rhode Island has been announced at this early date in order to meet the needs of the General Assembly, which convenes early in August for the purpose of redistricting the State.

Very respectfully,
W. C. HUNT,
Chief Statistician for Population.

Approved:
E. DANA DURAND,
Director of the Census.

POPULATION OF RHODE ISLAND BY COUNTIES, CITIES AND TOWNS.

	1910.	1900.	1890.
Bristol County	11,602	12,144	11,428
Barrington town	2,452	1,135	1,461
Bristol town	8,655	6,901	5,473
Warren town	6,585	5,108	4,469
Kent County	35,378	29,976	26,754
Coventry town	5,848	5,218	5,063
East Greenwich town	3,420	2,775	3,127
Warwick town	25,629	21,816	17,761
West Greenwich town	481	609	798
Newport County	39,335	32,596	23,452
Jamestown town	1,175	1,091	707
Little Compton town	1,276	1,132	1,128
Middletown town	1,708	1,457	1,154
NEWPORT CITY	27,149	22,441	19,457
New Shoreham town	1,314	1,306	1,320
Portsmouth town	2,681	2,105	1,919
Tiverton town	4,032	2,977	2,837
Providence County	424,417	358,683	265,123
Burrillville town	7,878	6,317	5,492
Central Falls city	22,751	18,167	15,127
Cranston town	21,171	18,343	8,990
Cumberland town	10,107	8,925	8,090
East Providence town	15,808	12,138	8,422
Foster town	1,124	1,151	1,232
Glocester town	1,404	1,482	2,095
Johnston town	9,935	8,305	9,778
Lincoln town	9,825	8,937	20,355
North Providence town	5,407	5,016	2,084
North Smithfield town	2,099	2,422	3,174
Pawtucket city	51,622	39,281	27,633
Providence city	224,326	175,597	132,146
Schuette town	3,493	3,351	3,174
Smithfield town	2,730	1,107	2,500
Woonsocket city	33,125	23,204	20,530
Washington County	24,912	24,164	23,649
Charlestown town	1,087	875	915
Exeter town	778	841	864
Hopkinton town	2,321	2,602	2,854
Narragansett town	1,250	1,623	1,403
North Kingstown town	4,018	4,194	4,198
Richmond town	1,633	1,569	1,669
South Kingstown town	5,176	4,972	4,623
Westerly town	3,690	7,641	6,813

Lobsterman Drowned.

Eugene Sherman of Wakefield was drowned in the harbor last Friday night, his body being found in the water near Lee's wharf Saturday morning. It was at first feared that a companion named George P. Gardner had also been drowned, but he was afterward located on the land under the influence of liquor. Before he was found, a portion of the harbor was dragged in the search for his body.

After Gardner was located on Long wharf he was taken to the police station to sober up. He could not tell a connected story of the events of the night, but there seemed to be no doubt that Sherman had returned to the boat alone and had been accidentally drowned. A basket of provisions was found on the wharf where he had evidently left it.

The body of Sherman was forwarded to his home in Wakefield for interment. The men had come to this city, in company with a third man, to sell their catch of lobsters. The third man returned to Wakefield before the drowning occurred.

On July 15th, Joseph P. Cotton, Jr., son of Captain J. P. Cotton of this city, and former United States Senator Spooner of Wisconsin formed a co-partnership for the practice of law in New York. Senator Spooner is one of the leading lawyers of the land, his practice being almost entirely in the United States Court. The firm of Spooner and Cotton will be one of the great law firms of the metropolis. Young Cotton has already made his mark in that city.

There will be a large number of small boats in Newport harbor tomorrow. The Rhode Island Yacht Club and the Newport Yacht Club will go to East Greenwich to-day to participate in the opening of the new club house there, and Sunday morning the two clubs will come to Newport together. The outside cruise of the Rhode Island Yacht Club will begin Monday morning, the vessels returning here the following Saturday.

Rev. Walter Lowrie, rector of St. Paul-within-the-Walls, of Rome, Italy, and formerly rector of Trinity Church, was the preacher at Trinity last Sunday. He has been the guest of Hon. Daniel B. Fearlog.

Although there was a brisk rain all night last Saturday, the ground is again drying up, and the ponds continue very low. The rain helped the surface of the ground but much more is needed.

Government Wants Land.

The navy department seems disposed to do its business to Newport in about as back-handed a fashion as is possible. After the board of aldermen of this city, after a long delay and much publicity, has taken legal action to condemn the land necessary for the Washington street extension, the department has forwarded a letter to Acting Mayor Shepley requesting that action be deferred as far as concerns the land of Miss Hunter, as the department intends to purchase that land to add to the grounds already purchased for the naval hospital. No one in Newport objects to such a purchase, and there will be many advantages to accrue from it, but in view of the fact that the representatives of the government in this city had ample notice of the condemnation and had plenty of time to notify the department, it seems like a curious way of doing business.

Just what the legal aspect of this action on the part of the department will be, remains to be seen. There have already been some peculiar legal questions in connection with the condemnation of land there, and receding from that action, and only mutual consent has prevented serious difficulties. Whether or not the matter can be again straightened out to comply with the request of the navy department is a question.

In the layout of the highway by the board of aldermen it is proposed to take a strip along the water front of Miss Hunter's land, the expense being a little more than \$4,000. If the government buys this land and constructs the highway through it, as it probably will do, the city will be saved the expense of buying the land and of building the road. But the city could just as well have been notified before the condemnation proceedings were completed.

The contract for the construction of the new Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. building has been awarded to Norcross Brothers of Worcester, Mass., and it is expected that work will be begun at once, probably within a few weeks. This firm is a large one and has built many important buildings throughout the State, including the new State House in Providence. They have also built a number of the more recent Newport cottages. It is thought possible that the Y. M. C. A. building may be ready for President Taft to lay the cornerstone in the early fall.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan arrived in Newport on the yacht Corsair Friday morning.

Visit of the Battleships.

Newport is making preparations for the visit of the great battleship fleet next month, and if it is agreeable to Admiral Seston Schroeder, in command of the fleet, there will probably be a big reception of the vessels here. Acting Mayor Shepley has taken the matter up, and is working energetically to make the occasion a memorable one. This week he sent the following letter to Admiral Schroeder, and a reply is expected every day:

July 20, 1910.
Rear Admiral Seston Schroeder, U. S. N.
U. S. S. Connecticut,
Portsmouth, New York, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: There appears to be a general desire on the part of the citizens of Newport to provide some form of entertainment for the men of your fleet on the occasion of its visit to Newport next month. I write to ask if such an entertainment would meet with your approval as commanding officer of the fleet and if so, if you have any suggestions to make regarding the manner of its carrying out.

I have communicated with Rear Admiral Rodgers of the U. S. Naval Station here and through his courtesy was enabled to secure your address.

The citizens of Newport will be greatly honored by the presence of you and your men and it is to show our appreciation of your visit that the proposed entertainment is being planned.

Trusting that you will see fit to give your approval to the project and awaiting your reply, I am,

Yours very respectfully,
WILLIAM SHEPLEY,
Acting Mayor.

Mr. Shepley has also taken the matter up with Admiral Rodgers, commanding this naval defense district, and he has expressed a willingness to co-operate. To this end he has appointed a committee consisting of the following officers:

- Commander P. W. Hourigan, commanding the Naval Training Station; Commander Mark L. Bristol, inspector in charge of the Torpedo Station; Medical Inspector J. C. Byrnes, in charge of the naval hospital; Major Lawrence H. Moses, commanding the marine barracks; Major J. H. Russell, marine corps, of the War College staff; Commander Spencer S. Wood of the navy general board, Commander Frank Marble of the Naval War College staff; Lieutenant Commander R. Z. Johnston of the Training Station; Lieutenant K. G. Castleman of the Torpedo Station; Lieutenant E. T. Constain of the War College conference, Surgeon Charles G. Smith of the naval hospital.

The fleet is scheduled to arrive here August 15th, and will remain in these waters for about a week, all the vessels proceeding to Bradford to coal. The fleet is composed of the following vessels:

- First division—Connecticut, flagship of Rear Admiral Schroeder, Captain William R. Rush commanding; Delaware, Captain Charles A. Gove; North Dakota, Captain Albert Gieves; Michigan, Captain Nathaniel R. Usher.
- Second division, Rear Admiral Charles E. Vreeland commanding—Louisiana, flagship, Captain Albert G. Winterhalter; Kansas, Captain Charles J. Badger; South Carolina, Captain Augustus P. Fechteler; New Hampshire, Captain Thomas S. Rodgers.
- Third division, Rear Admiral Samuel P. Comly commanding—Georgia, flagship, Captain Wm. L. Rodgers; Nebraska, Captain John T. Newton; Rhode Island, Captain Thomas D. Griffin; Virginia, Captain James H. Glennon.
- Fourth division, Rear Admiral Joseph B. Murdock commanding—Minnesota, flagship, Commander William S. Sims; Vermont, Captain Walter McLean; Mississippi, Captain William H. Folham; Idaho, Captain Herbert O. Dunn.

Recent Deaths.

Mrs. William J. Swinburne.
Mrs. William J. Swinburne died of pneumonia at her residence on Pelham street on Friday evening of last week, after an illness of only a couple of days. She had been in failing health for some years and her advanced age of eighty-six years had weakened her constitution very materially. Mrs. Swinburne was the widow of the late William J. Swinburne formerly mayor of Newport, and a daughter of Robinson Monk of Thomaston, Maine. It was said that the family could trace their ancestry back to General George Monk of the Parliamentary army under Cromwell. She leaves one daughter, Miss Elizabeth H. Swinburne. She was a regular attendant at the Channing Memorial Church as long as her health permitted.

The Newport Directory for 1910, issued by Sampson, Murdock Co., is as usual a valuable and up to date volume. There are 11,400 names in the present volume, an increase of 821 over that of 1909. There were 1667 names added in compiling the present Directory and 1346 names erased. As usual, the book is well printed and arranged in a convenient manner for reference. Sampson-Murdock have published the Newport Directory for many years.

Mrs. George Peabody Wetmore has returned from the Hot Springs.

MIDDLETOWN.

COURT OF PROBATE.—At the regular session of the Court of Probate held on Monday all the members were present, excepting William R. Hunter.

The following estates were passed upon:

Estate of Nathaniel T. VanAlstyne, Daniel Beard, as Administrator de bonis non, with the will annexed, presents an inventory, which is allowed and ordered recorded.

Estate of James Chase. The Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland prefers its petition to have Isaac Chase cited, to render an account, he being the Administrator de bonis non, with will annexed, and no account having been submitted since October, 1904. The petitioner is the surety on the Administrator's bond. An order was entered directing citation to issue, returnable on August 15.

This same Company prefers another petition, to be released as surety and to have cancelled the bond given by Isaac Chase, October 18, 1903. The last named petition was referred to the third Monday of August and notice of its pendency ordered to be given.

Estate of William T. Bull, minor. Application is made to approve of the choice of Charles A. Wilson, as Guardian, and the same is continued to August 15 and personal notice ordered served, and also notice published for fourteen days. John C. Burke attorney for minor.

Estate of William H. Sherman. The petition of Annie E. Sherman to prove his will and for letters testamentary to issue to her as Executrix, was referred to August 15, with an order of notice.

Estate of John B. Pell. The petition of Julia A. B. Pell to file and record an exemplified copy of his will was continued to August 15, and notice thereof ordered published. Petitioner is represented by J. Stacy Brown, as attorney.

TOWN COUNCIL.—The annual accounts for caring for burial lots in the Middletown Cemetery were presented, examined and ordered paid from the respective funds therefor held in trust by the Town Council. Thirteen orders were in favor of Joseph L. Chace, as caretaker and one in favor of Charles H. Ward.

A proposal from Peckham Brothers and Robert M. Welborell to grade 500 feet of Prospect avenue and cart and apply a coat of crushed stone thereto, provided the town would pay the cost of the stone, was held for further consideration.

A license to peddle junk was granted to Abraham Solomon of 81 Long wharf, Newport.

FARM NOTES.—The hay harvest is nearing completion and the cutting of small grain, barley and oats has begun. The weather for making hay up to the beginning of the present week was unusually propitious and the work in consequence proceeded with celerity and with scarce any interruption.

Many poor hay is found, the fault must be charged to neglect rather than to unfavorable weather. The crop may be set down as average in quantity. Not so many stacks are counted as in former years. One reason for this is owing to an increase in the number of barns, several of which have been erected in recent years. The meadows were affected by the two successive drouths of 1908 and 1909, and by the lack of moisture during the spring of the present year. There was more than the usual precipitation in the month of June, but came too late to materially promote the growth of grass on some meadows. Barley and oats are above the average, oats are very tall and promise a bountiful yield of good hard full grain. Frequently oats blight before filling. The digging of potatoes has begun. In some fields the vines have taken on a yellow cast indicative of decay. In some instances the tubers are of good size. The rain of last Saturday evening will no doubt benefit potatoes to some extent. Not much can be said in favor of a large fruit crop. Most of the old apple orchards have been dug up and have not been replaced by new trees. Where spraying has been adopted, some apples have been grown. Many farmers, however, conclude that the growing of apples involves too much of a contest with San Jose scale, canker worms, caterpillars, lice, and other insects, and decline to undertake the work. In South Portsmouth last season quite a quantity of peaches were grown and sold in the markets at good prices. There is promise of a fair crop of peaches this season. Some of the Portsmouth growers have discovered the secret of successfully combating the leaf curl and other fungus which in times past have prematurely killed many peach trees.

At a meeting of the park commission on Monday afternoon, the action of Chairman Shepley in removing the band concerts from the Mall on account of the illness of Mayor Boyle, was approved, and the board further voted that all the other concerts scheduled for that park be transferred also. Two of them will go to Battery Park and two to Morton Park for Sunday afternoon. The board also talked over the question of noise at the band concerts and it was decided that if the noise should not cease after the signal from the leader before beginning a selection, that selection should not be played.

The offices of the New Haven ticket office and the Newport Transfer Company have been moved into the Cottrell block where the Western Union office was formerly located. The place in the Newell building that they left is being fixed up for the Adams Express Company which will move in there as soon as the alterations are completed.

There have been some good catches of mackerel landed at Long Wharf this week, and the fishermen are beginning to feel somewhat encouraged in consequence. It has been a very poor fishing season.

Virginia of the Air Lanes

A ROMANCE OF
FLYING

By
Herbert Quick

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CHAPTER XIII. DEVILISH VERSUS BIRD.

WHEN the aeroplane was run out on her ways by the long shed in which she had been built there was a flutter of expectancy among those so deeply concerned in her flight.

"The first mate always sails with the ship, uncle," Virginia suggested.

"Would you really go on the trial trip?" he asked.

"Try me," said she. "I want to."

"You'd be worth a dozen of Captain Harrod's," replied Carson. "He hasn't the faintest idea of the principles of the Virginia, while you could fly her in a week."

"I could now," asserted Virginia. "The Virginia is a simple, manageable little thing, like her namesake."

"If she shows all her namesake's sweet traits," began Theodore.

"Then I'm to go?"

"Captain," cried Theodore, "here's a girl that wants to ship as first mate! Make sail, captain. We're going."

But Virginia seated herself beside Theodore, wearing a dress of soft white wool, a close fitting little cap on her head and carrying a jacket over her arm.

"Now, shall I keep the manometer readings? Oh, you haven't any! Well, then, the altimeter statoroscope," she suggested.

"It's self registering," said Theodore. "Really there's nothing to do except in emergencies, and—"

"And there'll be no emergencies!" she cried. "Throw in the clutch, admiral of the circumambient! Inland! You do the work, and I'll play lady! We're off!"

"Are you willing," said he, turning to her, "to forgive me for this and everything I may ever have done, whatever happens?"

"Whatever happens or doesn't happen, I forgive you!" she cried. "Throw in the clutch before the gyroscopes stop and the Virginia gets brain-fag or shall I?"

"Just for luck," said Theodore, "you throw it in."

She threw over the lever, and the wing sections started like 40,000 boys' "buzzes." The big bird rose perpendicularly from the ways and fanned the ground no more. Theodore turned on a little more speed, put the rudders apart to bring her head to the light seaward wind, and as she mounted higher and higher he tried her control.

He pushed over the lever that determined the thrust of the driving blades, and she shot in over the dunes like a wild thing until he headed her back for the Gulf. Well inside the bar, so that an overturn might not mean a drowning, he crested about in a wide curve, which he gradually narrowed by a more extreme use of the helm until she was spinning round and round in an orbit, in which the tips of the inner wings were almost stationary and "breathing" air like a pausing swimmer.

"That tests out the balancing device!" shouted Theodore. "How's that?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" said Virginia. "That do sure test out the balancing device. And if you let her chase her tail like this much longer I'm going to be indisposed. Please whirl her the other way while, uncle."

Virginia walked forward. They were flying higher now, and she could see the pine woods far inland, with their square patches of plowed fields, their white houses behind the great green globes of the china trees. Far over the northwest soared a great aerona, silver white, as if covered with the foil.

"I wonder if that isn't the Roc?" queried Virginia.

"If it is," said he, "and she comes about this place we'll show her what real aviation is."

Then they swept over and down the coast. They turned back and swirled over the sea.

"Oh, look, look!" suddenly said Virginia. "There's some one in the water!"

Below floated the half collapsed and sinking go-devil of a submarine. Beside it lay a great blotch of darkness, so symmetrical that Theodore was impressed with the sudden idea that it was a submarine rather than a patch of dark sand. A man on the derelict was struggling, shouting and waving a white cloth as if in distress. Theodore's eyes flashed. He reversed the thrust of the wing propellers, and in so instant they were fighting the air with all the power of the mighty engines. The passengers felt their bodies sway forward with the momentum as the Virginia slowed up, halted and moved astern, and as accurately as if he had had years of practice Carson brought her to over the struggling man and lowered her slowly, slowly, toward the swells which rose to meet her until the line thrown over by Carson dabbled in the water by the castaway's side.

"Can you climb up?" cried Theodore.

"I don't dare come much lower."

"For God's sake," called the man, "bring her down a foot or so! I'm too weak to climb."

"Cheer up," called Theodore. "It's risky, but I'll try."

If he was to be saved there was no time to be lost. So thought Carson as he depressed the Virginia more and

more. Wigner sat on top in a mere determination to put both man and ship out of the field at once. He was the sole custodian of the secret of her construction save for Carson. If he could drown her and master the secret of the glass globe he could rebuild her, make his terms with Sheyne, be the greatest in his line. And he seized the nacelle with fierce energy, threaded a steel chain through an opening in the structure and dropped back into the water, holding the chain in his hand. It ran around the aluminum beam with a sharp, rasping, startling rattle.

"He's fallen in!" cried Virginia. Theodore looked over the side. A small double chain ran down from the airship, its ends moving about in a most mystifying manner in the sea. And as he looked to astonishment the



HE AIMED AT CARSON, FIRED AND THE BULLET RANG AWAY INTO THE SKY.

dark blotch of sand rose to the surface and defined itself as the rounded top of the Stickleback, on the black hull of which sat Wigner blowing brine from his mouth, his head shining with water. The manhole opened, Wigner snapped the chain into a ring, slipped into the submarine and reappeared with something small and flat in his hand.

"I'll fix you, you d—d whelp!" he yelled. "Take that!"

He aimed at Carson, fired, and the bullet sang away into the sky. Theodore seized Virginia in his arms and drew her down into the bottom of the car, where they lay panting in each other's arms, panic-stricken.

"I must put the ship out of range!" cried Carson, leaping to the lever.

She rose like a feather for just a moment, and then she swung about like a kite with its string fouled, anchored by some devilish contrivance. Carson stepped to the side again and looked over. The Virginia hung some thirty yards above the water, and straining backward and downward ran the steel chain looped through her works and fastened by both ends to the submarine. The harsh, raucous laugh of Wigner rose with horrid significance from the Stickleback's manhole, which was again above water and open.

"Don't be in a hurry!" he shouted. "Stick around with us awhile. We're going out where it's deep. Come in; the water's fine! Got your bathing suits? When she draws short telephone down. Don't yell, for there won't be no one hear you. There won't be no one hear either of you again in this world except just you two. By-by! See you in Davy Jones—a-n-you!"

And with this, as if pulled down from below, the man vanished into the dark interior, the manhole closed, and the chain, like a line taken by some Titanic fish, started out to sea. The airship had been captured by the submarine! The mechanical devilish was not running very deep; her round deck rose awash sometimes, but with the manhole closed, and with no sign save the erection of her periscope that she was more than an inert mass of steel she swam on.

Still seated where Theodore had placed her, Virginia looked at him in questioning terror. He was white and horrified. At this moment he was depressing her in her flight so as to get all possible slack in the chain, so that by a sudden upward rush he might break the tether. Once, twice, thrice he did this, but the chain held.

"What is it, Theodore? What is it?" said she.

"I don't know," said he, "but I think it's the end!"

Carson was not looking at her. He was looking upward, like a man seeking for some sort of inspiration. She stood looking out over the great desolate sea and back to the receding shore, on which she saw a group of forms—the forms of their friends. Nothing could seem more helpless. They were chained to their fate—a dark fend of a machine that was taking them out to sea, to depths profound enough to drown them—it might be an hour; it might be the next moment.

Carson stood over her with a pistol in his hand.

"Virginia, can you shoot?" he asked.

She took the pistol and nodded affirmatively.

"I shall have to ask you to protect me," said he, "while I try to cut that chain. They can see with their periscope what I'm doing, and when it is necessary they will come up into the open and fire. By pulling out to sea I can get her at an angle that will force them into the open to shoot. When the manhole opens shoot into it. If you should hit one of them don't let it trouble you."

"I shall kill one of them if I can," said she. "Never mind that! Tell me the things to do!"

"I shall take the pliers and a file," said he. "I don't think the pliers will cut it. I may be too weak to climb

back. I don't know what I can do if anyhow. You must take us back to land if I cut her free."

"Never fear. I know every lever."

"There's another thing," said he. "We came out with only a little gas. If we go much further we haven't enough to get ashore, with. I think I could soar her in with the periscope set of the blades. I think we had better fly low going back and not waste fuel. Keep her sliding about a hundred feet from the water, but if you want the aerophone set this is the way to fix it."

With a swift movement he showed her the way to manage the mechanism. He pushed a pair of pliers about his neck with a tangling thrust, a couple of files into his pockets, took off his boots, his coat and waistcoat, and stepped to the side.

"You may get ashore," said he, "while I may not. If so goodby, and God bless you, dearest!"

She threw her arms about his neck and kissed him over and over again. He felt her warm tears on his lips.

"Don't cry!" said he. "Clear your eyes and shoot straight. Goodby!"

She stepped to the rail and looked fixedly at the black shadow like a gigantic fish that represented the submarine. Carson had disappeared over the side in a terrifying hand under hand descent until he reached the trusswork of the nacelle. The black shadow grew more distinct, the round deck broke water, and as the manhole opened Wigner appeared and aimed at Carson coolly as at a target. Too hastily Virginia fired. The bullet struck the edge of the deck with a vicious spat. Wigner's pistol spoke, his bullet, striking metal, flew slanting away, and the girl replied with the third shot of this strange duel. She braced herself against the rail, aimed conscientiously at the middle of the mark presented by the villain below and fired—fired with the curious certitude the marksman feels when he is making a good shot. Wigner had just lifted his arm to fire again, but his hand fell as if struck down by a giant's blow. He dropped back into the darkness like a shot woodchuck, the manhole closed, and the submarine went on toward deep water as grimly as before.

"Good!" said Theodore. "But watch the manhole just the same. I shall have to file the chain. The pliers won't do."

"Suddenly" she heard Carson calling. "They've hoisted to," said he. "I think they're going to try drowning us here. Don't lose control of yourself. Remember this is a fight, and we aren't whipped yet. Do you hear?"

"Yes," said she. "But it's so awful—so awful! If you were only up here where you could—Tell me what to do! Tell me what to do!"

"Do you see how the chain shortens?" asked Carson. "She's going down. If the water's deep enough she can drown us unless we can overcome her gravity. Turn the index so as to show a dead down thrust of the blades and then full power on the last speed. It will take fuel, but it's the only way. Hurry!"

The airship sank, sank, nearer and nearer to the water. But without waiting to learn how the girl was carrying out his orders Carson again attacked the chain, and the shrill "screak" of the file greeted Virginia's ears as she turned the indicator and threw on the power. As they had never done before the great engines purred, the wing blades trod the air with a terrific roar, but with remorseless suction-like force the submarine drew her down closer, closer to the water, and she seemed lost. The sinking was slower now, but nevertheless more and more of the chain disappeared in the sea every moment. Virginia looked and despaired. The waves were so terrifyingly near, death in their cold depths seemed so unthinkably horrible, she bowed her face in her hands.

The "screak, screak, screak" of the file kept on with the regularity of a machine. Carson was at work. He might be drowned. But when he went under he would go fighting. He was a man!

She stepped to the side and called to him.

"I think," said she, "that we are doomed. Is there anything I can do?"

"You might advance the spark," said he. "Not much, just the least trifle. Yes, I reckon they've got us."

She sprung to the machinery and did this last thing ordered by her commander—did it with unshaking hands, as a soldier might take up the weapon of his comrade killed at his post. By the faintest trifle she advanced the spark and went to the side to see the effect. They were lower now, and the trusswork in which Carson hung must be in or near the crest of the swells, but the "screak" of the file went on, not so strong perhaps, but steadily still, the pean of the unconquerable spirit of the man clinging to the trusswork beneath her. It was grand, it was immense. Her spirit rose to the occasion, rose to the presale "screak, screak" of a file in a hand that was dabbled in the waves at every lifting swell of the stolid ocean that rolled on just the same where its prey dangled within the lapping of its tongue, and out yonder where perhaps no man had been since creation's morn.

"Theodore!"

"The file stopped for a minute. 'Keep her as she is,' said he. 'We've got the submarine stopped. I've got the chain about filed through, but I'm a little tired. Keep her as she is for just a little while!'"

CHAPTER XIV.

LIFE OR DEATH?

AGAIN the file began its work. The immediate danger was over, but both the man below and the girl in the car knew that the terrific consumption of gas in the engines made the seconds too precious for use in conversation. A minute's supply of gas, ten seconds' supply, one second's supply, might save their lives in the home stretch, when the chain should be filed through and they should take their flight toward land, to make triumphant landing after this deadly peril or to sink in the waves from which they were now fighting to save themselves. The

roar of the machinery under the air with tempest; the wind from the wing blades driven down on the water set it boiling like a whirlpool; one moment the straining submarine drew them down by a link or two of the chain; the next the struggling airship lifted the submarine up an inch or so from her dark lair in the depths. At last, at the very height of the fierce struggle, the airship shot upward with the jangle of dropping chains, a worn file fell into the foam of a white capped wave, and the girl leaped to the levers in obedience to the voice of Carson telling her to make haste, for God's sake, and set the wings for a forward flight, to cut the spread down one-third and to steer straight for shore.

She obeyed. They had risen to a height of perhaps 200 feet before her inexperienced hands could change the propellers, and Carson told her to keep the height. She asked if she might not use a little higher speed, but he said no—economy in gas was in the moderate speed. "Keep her as she is," said he.

"Can you come up?" she asked. "Have you the strength?"

She asked this two or three times and got no reply. Suddenly she screamed with the fear that he had fainted, and as if aroused from a stupor he asked her to advance the spark a little and when she had done so to retard it again.

"Are you in danger?" she asked. "Can you hang on?"

"I'm all right," said he, "only my hands. Can you see shore? Is it far?"

The shore was rising fast, she told him. It was not so very far now, but the gas was almost gone. Could she do anything? Was there nothing to be done to eke it out so as to bring them a little closer before they fell into the sea? Could he do anything if he were in the car?

"Keep her as she is," said he. "When we get close enough so she can glide in I'll lighten her."

"How lighten her?" she asked. "It's easy," said he. "From down here. Keep her as she is!"

The dunes lifted white in the sun, shimmering in the heat, swelling as the Virginia darted nearer and nearer to shore. The horror-stricken people on the beach saw her coming, like an albatross before a gale. The girl on the deck prayed fervently for the miraculous renewing of the little cruise of oil from which was made the gas that kept them up, and the man underneath, hung on grimly, awaiting the cessation of stroke, which would prove

that the mixture which was the breath of life of the great engines was exhausted at last. Once, twice, thrice, came the halting in the machinery that was the death rattle of the motors.

"Virginia!" said he.

"Yes," she replied.

"Fix the gliding mechanism. The gas is done."

"Yes, Theodore."

"Turn her nose down a little. With momentum enough she'll make it from here. And when she gets within those breakers, if she is less than twenty-five feet high, lift her up again a little. Do you understand?"

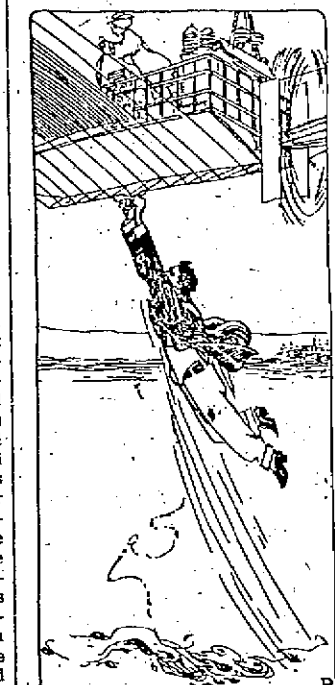
"Yes, I'll do it. Anything more, Theodore?"

"No; only remember what you said about forgiving me if I'd let you come with me. Remember, turn her prow up a little when she nears shore. You'll make it, dear; you'll make it!"

Mrs. Graybill, standing on the shore, noted with the rest the new motion of the airship when the engines were stopped and wondered why it behaved so queerly.

And then Mrs. Graybill screamed. She had seen the man under the car deliberately let go his hold and drop into the water. The lightened car tilted slightly upward now as Virginia obeyed orders, soared slowly onward, rising a little as her momentum brought the great gliding surfaces against the air, and then, clearing the foam of the surf, she softly settled on the sand with her stern rudder, like the tail of a great dead bird, washed by the hungry waves which she had as by a miracle escaped. And rowing in from the offing where he had gone in his fishing boat in the wild and improbable belief that he might help his master came Captain Harrod with a white faced young man lying in the bottom of the boat whose fingers dripped blood from the remorseless work of the file.

"Allow me to suggest," observed Craighead as the gentleman of the party at Harrod's camp sat in lounging attitude on various articles used as chairs, mostly jetsam and bitsam of the gulf, "that in perfecting the first really practicable flying machine we have set in motion social and economic reactions that will go on and on far beyond the ken of those who, unlike myself,



THE AIRSHIP SHOT UPWARD WITH THE SINGLE OF DROPPING CHAINS.

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have not made a specialty of them. As that submarine dragged the Virginia out to sea yesterday we all thought it was the last of Carson, Mr. A., didn't we?"

Mr. Carson picked at his bandaged fingers, embarrassed.

"I didn't see much hope of escape," said he.

Breakfast was served. Mr. Waddy was upon tenterhooks until the Virginia had been explained to him, so a trip was arranged for Waddy, Craighead, and Carson. They would fly down to Fort Morgan, thence to Palmetto Beach, get their mail and be back for dinner.

Mr. Waddy shied from the sea, but once in air he became intoxicated with enthusiasm. If this machine, said he, was so good that the Aerostatic Power people thought it good business to hire Wigner to drown it and its inventor—he could not otherwise explain the horrible affair of yesterday—it was good enough to be backed with all the Waddy money in all the eight banks.

The Virginia had alighted on the parade ground at Fort Morgan. The bamboo braces fell outward, and she lay on an even keel. The aeronauts invariably halted at the mooring balloon, and received passes, but Mr. Waddy's declaration of fealty was so absorbing and the speed of the Virginia so unwonted to her pilot that the fort had been spread beneath him like a map before he was aware of it. To alight might mean arrest, inquiry and discharge after explanations to the commandant, Colonel Krimnitz, of whose severity Carson felt no real fear. But if he tried to go away after running the guard he might be fired on as a spy making off with complete photographs. Altogether it was safest to alight, thought Carson, and he settled on the parade ground, greatly to the agitation of an awkward squad drilling under a sergeant, whose bellowed commands were cut short off by the whirl of the reversal of the Virginia's wing blades. He turned and saw the huge dragon fly with its bow rudder pointed at him like a great mandible.

The drill sergeant's expression carried conviction to the sergeant of the guard, where his description of a devil of a bird thing that you couldn't see at all till it struck the ground might not have been credited. The guard turned out and moved on the parade ground.

The guard encountered a great silver winged insect with a saug car amidships, her four braces sticking in the Bermuda grass like very short legs.

The guard halted at five paces, and the sergeant advanced, obtaining his first good look at Mr. Craighead, maintaining the attitude of military carelessness with a steadiness perfectly statuesque. The sergeant, a little man with a red mustache turned up a la Kaiser, looked at him for half a minute and uttered a mysterious exclamation.

Craighead remained motionless, his hand to his cup. The sergeant amazedly returned the salute. Craighead relaxed his tense muscles, dropped his hand to his side and winked with the utmost sobriety of expression.

"Podner," said he, "have yeh got any 'eath' to backer?"

"I'll trouble you gentlemen for your passes," returned the sergeant.

"Unfortunately," replied Mr. Craighead, "we omitted to obtain passes. Say no more, Mr. Sergeant. We are all soldiers. This is Gentle Theodore Carson, Mr. A., and this Mr. Waddy, who served in his youth in the typhoid uprising at Chetkamaung in the Spanish-American war. Show your button, Mr. Waddy, as an S. A. W. V. You see, sergeant, that you are quite safe against our capturing Fort Morgan."

"Here's Captain Bolger now. Tell him about it."

Captain Bolger was a choleric gentleman with whiskers like General Sherman's, much thinned by the increase in the area of the face since the establishment of the foliage. He advanced rapidly, with a bipetty-hopping gait, as if catching step with an imaginary companion very careless of the march.

"What's this, sergeant?" he spluttered. "This is quite irregular, sergeant—irregular. The parade ground! A d—d thing with wings and V type engines! And no passes? Some one will sweat for this. Highly irregular!"

"Pardon me," said Theodore. "My name is Carson. I miscalculated my speed. I know Colonel Krimnitz, and I—"

"Colonel Krimnitz, sir," said Captain Bolger, "is temporarily on leave. I am the officer of the day, sir. You will produce a pass for your confounded aeroplane or I shall order you—"

"I feel sure," said Mr. Carson, "that Colonel Krimnitz—"

"Colonel Krimnitz be hanged!" retorted Captain Bolger. "You can't come the Krimnitz game, sir, while he is on leave. Sergeant!"

"Captain!" said the sergeant, saluting.

"See what that thing is in the fellow's hand," pointing to Mr. Waddy's camera. "Take it, and if it's a bomb explode it at sea. If it's a camera turn it over to me instantly and confine these men. My compliments to Major Flathers, and say to him that I have confined three men who ran the guard in an airship, with bombs or cameras, as the case may be; that I have the airship under guard and await his instructions at headquarters."

And Captain Bolger bipetty-bopped to headquarters, followed by a soldier with a camera. The three interlopers went into the guardhouse, while Captain Bolger's message went to Major Flathers, commandant in the absence of Colonel Krimnitz.

"I won't stand it!" Mr. Waddy shouted. "I want to wire John H. Gunn! I want to wire Washington, I tell you—John H. Gunn, speaker of the house! He'll make somebody chew hay for this!"

Mr. Craighead began humming "It's Twenty Miles to Vassar," evidently a West Point ditty, paced the guardhouse, turning corners with military precision or stood accurately with certain fingers on certain seams of his trousers as precise as a tin soldier. The atmosphere had permeated his system, and when a corporal's guard

continued on page three.

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Saturday, July 23, 1910.

In the death of Rev. Dr. Rugg, the State, the Masonic Fraternity and the country have sustained a great loss.

The population of Rhode Island in 1910 is 512,674. In 1905 it was 480,032; in 1900, 428,659; in 1895, 384,753 and in 1890 it was 343,503. In 1885, it was 304,284, and in 1880 276,531. In 30 years the population of the State has almost doubled.

There is expected to be a general shut down of the mills in Fall River which will last through the month of August. This will throw many thousands of people out of employment and make things hard, not only for the employees but for the merchants.

Thursday was the forty-ninth anniversary of the first Battle of Bull Run. There is an exhibition in the window of the Mercury office a picture of the survivors of the first Regiment, Rhode Island Detached Militia, which was taken on the forty-eighth anniversary of the battle, one year ago. There are several Newport men among the number.

The National Banks in this country have increased 219 in one year. Industrial deposits have increased \$388,039, 656 during that period; loans and discounts increased \$34,276,070, total resources increased \$424,892,033, capital stock increased \$52,503,078 and the surplus and other profits increased \$54,320,233; circulation increased \$34,820,233. The stated aggregate of resources and liabilities is \$3,890,624,897. This would not seem to augur very dull times.

Massachusetts laws are peculiar, to say the least. Some years ago they passed the corporate excess tax law, so called, similar to the one attempted to be forced on the people of Rhode Island. The result in Massachusetts has been to drive several hundred millions of capital out of the State. Another "peculiar" law is one levying on deposits of non-residents in the banks and vaults in that State to pay inheritance taxes on people dying anywhere in the world. In other words it makes no difference where the person resided when alive, if he has money in Massachusetts banks the State cannot draw it until the State gets a certain percentage of it. Rhode Island people have paid the State of Massachusetts many thousands of dollars in this way in past years. It ought to be a blot on our citizens to keep their money at home unless they desire to help support the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The New Haven road is laying out great work for the near future. They propose to tunnel Fall River, the survey for which has already begun, to double-track the Providence, Warren and Fall River branch, work on which is now under way, and to rebuild all the bridges on the line and make a new bridge across the river at or near Slade's Ferry. Three million five hundred thousand dollars have been set aside by the New Haven Company for these purposes, and it is estimated that the total cost will be near seven millions. The entire work is to be completed within three years. This will open up a through line from New Bedford to Providence, but it is difficult to see where Fall River will get much benefit from it. Newport is interested in the double-tracking of the Warren and Fall River branch, for it is hoped that when that is done we may be able to get quicker train service between Newport and Providence. There is a promise also that the line between Newport and Boston will be electrified within a year.

Rhode Island is again in the lead. She's the first State in the Union to have her official census for 1910 announced. The figures which the MERCURY has several times given unofficially are now published by the sanction of the Census Bureau. They show a big gain for the State as a whole and of the cities in particular. Providence is still the second city in New England and with her 224,322 is a long way in the lead of any of her competitors. Newport with her 27,149 makes a good gain, but in percentage it is smaller than other cities of the State. In this country Tiverton has made the largest percentage of gain, nearly doubling her population in the last ten years. If the small business in Fall River continues prosperous, Tiverton will show still greater gains in the next decade. All the towns in this county have made gains except New Shoreham which has lost slightly in the last ten years. This is accounted for in part from the fact that the census was taken this year two months earlier than it was ten years ago. All the towns and cities in the State show a gain except West Greenwich, New Shoreham, Foster, Glocester, Exeter, Hopkinton, Narragansett and North Kingstown. The largest percentage of gain of any town within the State is Barrington which has more than doubled its population in ten years. It is getting to be an important suburb of Providence. The State as a whole has reason to congratulate itself on its large increase in population.

Death of Henry W. Rugg.

Rev. Henry W. Rugg, D. D., of Providence, Grand Master of Masons in Rhode Island, and Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templars of the United States, died at his home in Providence Thursday afternoon after a long illness. Dr. Rugg was one of the best known men in the State as well as throughout the land. He was for many years the managing trustee of Tufts College. He has held many positions of trust in Providence, and was an eloquent Universalist minister, for many years presiding over the largest church of that denomination in the State. But as a Mason he was best known, having taken all the degrees of the Order and having held all the highest positions in all the Masonic bodies. He was a man universally beloved and his death will be a great loss not only to the Masonic Fraternity but to the community and to the State of Rhode Island.

He was one of the most learned students of Masonry in this world, a man whose opinion and writings on that subject are and have been for many years read and respected the world over. For several years he edited and owned the Free-Mason's Repository, a Providence publication, devoted to the interests of the craft, which was considered by well-informed Masons to be the most reliable publication on the subject in the world.

He was a man whose private character and attainments endeared him not only to members of his own church, but to people of all beliefs and creeds, a man who was well known and appreciated in Canada and Great Britain. As the managing trustee of Tufts College that institution has prospered to a wonderful degree, and the fact of his having been in the closest relationship with the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, the President of the college, has been a great benefit to the institution and to the Universalist Church, with which the college is allied.

His funeral will take place next Monday and will be under Masonic auspices.

The Other Side.

Not a little has been said and written of late about various effects of the automobile demand in connection with the diversion to purchases of cars of funds which otherwise might be added to the capital held in savings banks and similar institutions or devoted to the purchase of securities of the income-yielding class. It is now generally recorded that certain railway officials are disposed to regard the automobile as having an adverse effect on the passenger traffic of the roads. No figures are adduced to show to what extent the motor deprives the railways of business, and, on the other hand, there are railroad men who are quoted as saying that the companies are deriving positive benefit from the multiplication of autos, apart from the freight earnings which are the result of the transportation of the raw material and the product when finished of the factories manufacturing such vehicles. Furthermore, it is held that business is actually brought to the railroads, particularly through the increased employment of auto trucks, which haul four times the tonnage that can be carried by wagons with horses and in from one-half to one-third the time which the latter require to bring the goods of all description to the freight stations for shipment by rail. The disposition of the farming population throughout the west to use autos in transporting their product renders them able to ship the same with much more independence while it also stimulates the country-wide demand for better roads, the latter being something which all intelligent railroad operating officials appreciate in its beneficial effects on commerce and transportation.

Mr. Harold S. Vanderbilt returned to Newport from Bermuda on his yacht Friday morning, arriving here after a very tempestuous passage.

Mr. Fletcher W. Lawton captured a fine specimen of a sea turtle weighing 75 pounds Friday morning. It was shipped to New York.

Loray Disraeli.

Disraeli once told a lady that two possessions which were indispensable to other people he had always done without. "I made," she said, "every kind of conjecture, but without success, and on my asking him to enlighten me he solemnly answered that they were a watch and an umbrella. 'But how do you manage?' I asked, 'if there happens to be no clock in the room and you want to know the time?' 'I ring for a servant,' was the magniloquent reply. 'Well,' I continued, 'and what about the umbrella? What do you do, for instance, if you are in the park and are caught in a sudden shower?' 'I take refuge,' he replied, 'with a smile of excessive gallantry, under the umbrella of the first pretty woman I meet.'"

Easier to Write It.

In 1871 Edward Lear was staying with the governor of Bombay at Mahabaleswar, the hill station of the Bombay presidency. I was there and took a walk with him one day. He asked me the name of some trees. I told him they were called "Jambul" trees in India. He immediately produced his sketch book and in his inimitable style drew a bull looking into a jam pot. He said it would help him to remember the name.—London Spectator.

"What did your wife say when you stayed out so late last night?" "I don't know. She hasn't finished telling it to me yet."—Detroit Free Press.

Automobile Patents.

The famous Selden patent case has been argued this week before Judge Hough at Narragansett Pier. This is an appeal from the decision given by Judge Hough last September and is of vital importance to every manufacturer in the United States. It is also of interest to the general public as tracing the course of the automobile industry.

Judge Hough's decision was filed Sept. 16, 1909. The decision holds that the claims of the patent under which the car was brought were valid and that the patent was being infringed upon. It was a voluminous decision entering into detail on each point raised. In effect it holds that George B. Selden is the pioneer in the gasoline automobile industry and that his patents are basic, covering all kinds of gasoline automobiles.

The case came before Judge Hough was a test case, including suits against an American manufacturer, a selling agent for automobiles, against an importer and against a user of a car alleged to be manufactured in infringement of the Selden patent. There are nearly 60 other suits pending in the courts against other manufacturers. The Panhard and Renault, foreign-made cars, and the Ford, made in Detroit, were the makes which figured in the suit.

Long before the decision a large number of manufacturers of gasoline automobiles recognized the strength of the Selden patent, after a complete investigation through their legal departments. In March, 1902, the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers was organized out of the members having secured a license under the Selden patent to manufacture gasoline automobiles. They paid annual royalties to the owners of these patents, and the association is in existence to-day, much enlarged in membership.

On the other hand, manufacturers who did not care to pay the royalties to the owners held out of the association, defying the patent claims. They continued to manufacture without permission from the Selden patent owners, and still do so today. They asserted that the claims were not valid. They formed an association known to the trade as "Independents," but this group disbanded its organization within the year past, following Judge Hough's decision.

There are several claims upon which infringement is asserted. The decision of Judge Hough says that claims No. 1 and 5 have been infringed by the Ford people and claims No. 1 and 5 by the Panhard people.

Patent claim No. 1, which is considered the most important, includes, in part: "The combination with a road locomotive of a liquid-hydrocarbon gas engine of the compression type comprising one or more power cylinders."

Patent claim No. 2, of which it is held that the Ford is an infringement, varies from No. 1 only in that it requires a "suitable carriage body" to be "located about the engine."

Patent claim No. 5 sets forth substantially the same combination but describes specifically the "engine."

In giving his decision Judge Hough said in part:

"If these defendants infringe it is because complainants own a patent so fundamental and far-reaching as to cover every modern car driven by any form of petroleum vapor and as yet commercially successful."

The arguments in the cases upon which the decision was given lasted six days at the end of May and the beginning of June, 1909. Unlike many decisions, this one was given three years before the patents expired. The arguments were made by William A. Redding, Samuel R. Betts and Frederick P. Fish for the patent owners and Messrs. Parker, Coudert, Murray and C. Benton Clapp for the defendants.

George B. Selden, when asked how the idea for his patents originated, said:

"Way back in 1872 the city of Rochester bought from an English firm a roller, and after it reached Rochester in knock-down style Valentin Dangler got the contract for putting it together. I was steering this roller when it went into operation. We came to a spot where a culvert ran under the roadway and the heavy machine broke through. The machine stayed there for some time. The weight of the machine made me think, and I came to the conclusion that if road machines were to be of use they must be much lighter than anything then known. They must have their drive to the cylinders and not in the heavy boiler."

"From that experience experiments resulted. The internal combustion engine was developed gradually and finally I got one that weighed 370 pounds, and developed three horsepower. To protect my patents I had 25 suits with the association and if I have been uniformly successful. If I have found someone in 1895 who would have backed me in my ideas, Rochester to-day would have been the center of the automobile industry of the world."

Selden applied for a patent May 8, 1879, and it was issued to him Nov. 3, 1895. It granted the exclusive right for 17 years to manufacture, sell and use his invention. The Selden patent covers the basic principle of all gasoline power applied to automobiles and all vehicles that use the roads. It was contended to be the pioneer invention. The discovery in 1839, it was claimed, antedated by five years the operation in Germany of petrol vehicles by Benz and Daimler.

Not The Best Way.

Daniel K. Pearson of Chicago, the millionaire who has announced that the way to die poor is to give away all your money, announces that by next spring he will have disposed of the last of his balance now on hand and will enter a sanitarium to remain there the rest of his life. As he is now 90 years of age, it is plain, says an exchange, that he does not expect to stay long in the sanitarium, particularly as that announcement is coupled with one that he is badly afflicted with rheumatism. It is inconceivable that a man in his normal mind would enter any sort of invalid's retreat or resort to remain a length of time which he would have reason to believe would be long.

This action of the Chicago millionaire is certain to be touted, as previous actions of his have been, as putting Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie, and all of their professions, to shame. They will be again advised that the only way a rich man can make sure of dying poor is to drop all his money. It

may not be denied that if a man, when pursued by wolves, would drop in the trail everything he has at once, the wolves would reach him more quickly. After one brief stop, than they could after many stops he might force them to make by feeding them on the installment plan. The chance of escape in such a case is to make the bait last as long and go as far as possible in giving the pack frequent occasion to stop, and utilizing the time gained that way to the best advantage. Of course, a traveler anxious to cultivate a closer acquaintance with the wolf could do so by once throwing out all he had and himself along with it. A man actually wanting the wolf at his door might pursue such tactics when chased. But so long as there is no record of such a thing, neither Mr. Rockefeller nor Mr. Carnegie need stand in fear of a motion made by his heirs for the appointment of a conservator.

In fact, talk as we may about the rage for wealth, and decay as much as we will the lust of money accumulation, there is something much more admirable in the Carnegie and Rockefeller than in the Pearson plan. There is something unbecoming in a man divesting himself of all his goods and going to a sanitarium to die. We have piled the men who have forced themselves into sanitariums through undue activity of mind and body in getting more. But now we pity as much the man who, in getting less, gets him to a sanitarium. What if he should change his mind? Having gone dead broke in paying the sanitarium in advance for the term of his life, he would be unable to go to a hotel, such as healthy bodied and healthy minded men patronize, where there is the noise of clinking glasses, of ice rattling in "pitchers" along corridors, and of poker chips in the next room. Mr. Pearson should think again before now and spring. A past grand millionaire dying in a sanitarium may be less eager to get through the needle's eye easier, but from the purely human point of view it looks better for a man to die with his back up than down.

Socialist Predictions.

Upton Sinclair, the novelist socialist and all kinds of a false prophet who upon a time ranted the gorge of the American public with a story of stock-yards horrors and thus roused President Roosevelt to battle for inspection laws, has just renewed his prophecy of the coming crisis in a speech before the residents of the Ardau (Del.) single tax colony, where he is camping for the summer. It was in 1903 that Sinclair predicted that the year after the presidential campaign of 1912 would see the beginning of the end of capitalism and the dawn of socialism. Now he admits that the personality of Roosevelt has modified the setting of the crisis, but that it will come off as per schedule. Says Sinclair: "My opinion is that by the force of his personality and his big stick, his size and his shilling white teeth, his loud voice and skill in journalism Roosevelt has turned the history of the country about. He has put radical democracy out of business, split the Republican party in two and brought about the insurgent movement. Roosevelt and the insurgents don't say, more men to bring about the change than did Lincoln and Seward intend, at first to eat the slaves free. They'll simply give the public what it wants. The Socialists are educating the people to know what they do want. We're the club held over the politicians' heads. If we don't do it now, they are saying, 'the Socialists will carry the next election.' We've got to have a revolution. If our political parties are so blind and corrupt that they won't bring about the change, we will have a revolution of violence, but I don't anticipate this. The politicians haven't the nerve to precipitate it. They are too cowardly." It is the authorities would put such a blatherskite as Sinclair in a straight jacket and muzzle him it would be a good thing for the people of the country.

WEATHER BULLETIN.

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Washington, D. C., July 23.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent July 27 to 31, warm wave 28 to 30, cool wave 29 to August 1. The feature of this disturbance will be an excessively hot wave and dry weather injuring corn and fall pastures in parts of the great central valleys.

That disturbance will be the turning point between the summer and fall temperatures and after it has past much cooler weather will prevail.

First disturbance of August will reach Pacific coast about Aug. 2, cross Pacific slope by close of 3, great central valleys 4 to 6, eastern sections 7. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Aug. 2, great central valleys 4, eastern sections 6. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Aug. 5, great central valleys 7, eastern sections 9.

This will be the greatest storm wave of August, beginning with moderate, reaching very high and ending with very low temperatures. Any kind of storms may be expected and none should be surprised if unusual and destructive storms occur.

My August chart, published in many newspapers, will indicate showers first and last week of August and dry between, very cool near July 31, Aug. 29, and very warm near July 31, Aug. 14 and Sept. 1. Severe storms near Aug. 6, 14, and 25.

Of course crop weather is the all important question for August and I call attention of producers to the well known fact that the corn crop is unusually late and I fear that much of it will be overtaken by frosts.

Some sections of the corn belt will be much damaged by dry weather during the middle weeks of August and then the crops must pass through the September frosts. A considerable portion of the corn crop will not mature before last week in September.

Indications are that rainfall for August will be in excess in Lower Mississippi valley, over a section within 200 miles of St. Louis, and along the middle and north Atlantic coast. Drought will prevail during the middle weeks of August in the eastern and western sections of the cotton belt in the Ohio valley, Kansas, Nebraska and Oklahoma. About average rainfall in Canada.

From above it will appear that two-thirds of the cotton belt and about one-

half this corn belt will be too dry for best results during August. Eastern Canada promises an excess of rain and a section within 100 miles of New York City promises to be very dry.

DISASTER AT FORT MONROE.

Ten Artillerymen Killed When Breach-Block of Gun Blows Out

Norfolk, July 22.—Ten enlisted men were killed, three were fatally and three less seriously injured and one commissioned officer was hurt in the blowing out of the breach-block of a 12-inch gun at Fort Monroe. The explosion occurred during an attempt to stop an imaginary fleet from passing the fort and thus reaching Washington.

The accident was due to the premature explosion of a full charge of powder, but what caused it is unknown and probably never will be. All who were in sight of the gun when the explosion occurred were killed.

Most of the dead lost their lives from being struck by burnt powder, which, before consumption, is in large grains and heavy. Only the breach-block was blown from the gun, and that is not known to have struck anyone. All the killed and wounded belonged to the Sixty-ninth company of coast artillery.

SAIL OVER SIX STATES.

Aeronauts in Record Trip From Philadelphia to Rhode Island

Pascag, R. I., July 22.—The balloon Philadelphia II, rising from Philadelphia, picked out Rhode Island for its landing place and after traversing over six states and journeying nearly 300 miles, came down two miles south of Pascag, 235 miles air line from Philadelphia.

The balloon was piloted by Thomas E. Eldridge, president of the Philadelphia Aeronautical Recreation society. The passengers, also of Philadelphia, were Fred C. Underhill and his son, Andrew B. Underhill.

In distance and duration of time, 12 hours 5 minutes, the trip broke two Quaker City records. The highest altitude reached was 10,560 feet, or but ten feet less than two miles.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

STANDARD TIME

July 1910	Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
23 Sat	4 17 25	8 43	7 40	7 32	7 25	7 18	7 11
24 Sun	4 24 7 24	8 18	8 15	8 10	8 05	8 00	7 55
25 Mon	4 29 7 29	8 45	8 45	8 40	8 35	8 30	8 25
26 Tues	4 30 7 30	8 45	8 45	8 40	8 35	8 30	8 25
27 Wed	4 31 7 31	8 45	8 45	8 40	8 35	8 30	8 25
28 Thurs	4 31 7 31	8 45	8 45	8 40	8 35	8 30	8 25
29 Fri	4 31 7 31	8 45	8 45	8 40	8 35	8 30	8 25
30 Sat	4 31 7 31	8 45	8 45	8 40	8 35	8 30	8 25

New Moon, 6th day, 4h. 20m., evening.
First Quarter, 14th day, 5h. 24m., morning.
Full Moon, 23rd day, 8h. 37m., at morning.
Last Quarter, 29th day, 4h. 37m., morning.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS.

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses, furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

182 Bellevue Avenue Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1897.

He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

Deaths.

In this city, 14th inst., Abbie A., daughter of the late Capt. Willard and Harriet Gould Brigham, of Rindge, New Hampshire.

In this city, 15th inst., Mary A., widow of William J. Swinburne, in the 87th year of her age.

In this city, 19th inst., Olive A., widow of Jesse Boynton, in her 84th year.

In this city, 20th inst., George Butler, aged 35 years.

In this city, 22d inst., Margaret, daughter of Thomas P. J. and Theresa Kivoban, aged 5 years.

In Portsmouth, 15th inst., Elizabeth, widow of John T. Brown, in the 82d year of her age.

In North Tiverton, 23d inst., Marie, wife of Patrick Dunn.

In North Tiverton, 15th inst., Thomas Boardman, in his 78th year.

In Bristol, 19th inst., Vivia Griswold Peck, in her 97th year.

In North Tiverton, 15th inst., Mary A. Pritchard, sister of George A. Pritchard, aged 77 years.

In Providence, on the 21st inst., Rev. Henry W. Rugg, in the 77th year of his age.

General from the Oboron of the Mediator, Cranston street, Providence, Monday, the 23d inst., at 2 o'clock p.m.

In Fall River, 19th inst., Mary B., infant daughter of Ephraim and Mary F. (Sanford) Lake.

At Cambridge, Mass., 15th inst., Martin, son of John and the late Bridget Reardon, aged 35 years.

In Bangor, Me., 15th inst., Charlotte F., widow of James C. Davenport.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE.

FOR DIZZINESS.

FOR BILIOUSNESS.

FOR TORPID LIVER.

FOR CONSTIPATION.

FOR SLOW SKIN.

FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

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2500 MEN QUIT ON GRAND TRUNK

Wage Demands of Conductors and Trainmen Are Refused

AN AUTOMATIC STRIKE ORDER

Trouble Affects Central Vermont Lines—Railroad Company Claims It Has Done the Best It Can In Increases Which It Offered Employees

—Satisfactory Agreement Reached by Pennsylvania Road and Its Men

Montreal, July 19.—Conductors and trainmen of the Grand Trunk and Central Vermont railways to the number of 2500 obeyed an automatic strike order at 9:30 o'clock last night.

On Sunday, when the members of the strike committee left here, each man carried a sealed envelope to be opened at that hour calling a strike unless a telegram had previously been received which, upon comparison with a copy enclosed in the envelope, stated otherwise. No such telegram was sent and the strike became effective at 9:30.

Under the terms of the strike order trains which began their runs before 9:30 were to be taken through to the terminal by the men in charge. After that the company was expected to look after its own interests.

President Hays of the Grand Trunk had this to say of the situation: "We have done the best we can, having regard to the interests of the shareholders and of the men themselves. We have offered substantial increases in wages. For instance, we give conductors between Montreal and Portland an increase from \$110 to \$135; between Montreal and Brockville from \$90 to \$110 a month; between Montreal and Toronto from \$110 to \$140, and baggagemen from \$70 to \$85, and brakemen from \$55 and \$60 to \$80.

"On mileage rates conductors of through trips are to be raised from 2.90 to 3.36 cents a mile, and brakemen from 1.90 to 2.26 cents. "On the runs between Montreal and Ottawa conductors are raised from \$110 to \$140 a month; baggagemen from \$75 to \$85, and so on. "When I put this to the men I said further that this was a large increase, but that if they did not think it satisfactory there was still another alternative. I said I was willing in such case to go to the arbitration of a board of expert railway men as to whether or not the proposition was fair and would be willing to abide by their decision.

"Further, I said to the representatives of the men: 'Suppose a strike is brought on, with all its disturbance of conditions and business. What shall we do eventually but settle it as I have proposed? You will have displaced a great many men, created great losses all over, and got no further ahead.' But they refused to listen to this."

Montreal, July 22.—"Freight" continues to be the slogan and the problem in the Grand Trunk railway strike. The strike leaders reaffirm that all are quietly awaiting an expected time when the railroad will find resumption of its freight business impossible and will make such wage overtures to the strikers as will induce them to return.

At company headquarters, however, there is optimistic

LONDON BANK CLERKS.

Their Dress and Mode of Living a Century Ago.

A hundred years ago the number of bank clerks in London must have been considerable. The old banks needed only small staffs. Quite late in the eighteenth century one of the biggest conducted its business with two clerks. The engagement of a third created great excitement. His arrival was still more exciting, for we are assured that "he wore a long flapped coat with large pockets; the sleeves had broad cuffs, with three large buttons, somewhat like the coats worn by Green-wich pensioners; an embroidered waistcoat reaching nearly down to his knees, with an enormous bouquet in the buttonhole; a cocked hat, powdered hair, with pigtail and bagwig, and gold headed cane." This, no doubt, was something of a peacock, even for his time. A few years later, in the early part of the nineteenth century, the correct official garb was knee breeches, silk stockings, shoes with silver buckles and often a white tie. One can scarcely imagine a dress more suggestive of sober opulence.

But it does not seem that, according to our ideas, the manner of life was quite in harmony with this impressive appearance. Not for the bank clerk of the early eighteenth century the immaculately clean and elaborately fitted restaurants of the modern city! Not for him tea shops with varieties of harmless drinks and tempting light food! If he wanted a meal he went to the butcher and bought himself a chop or steak for fivepence halfpenny or sixpence. This he carried himself to an adjacent public house, where they cooked it for a penny. The public house, in fact, played no small part in his life.

Is it not a tradition that the clearing house has grown from the meetings of clerks in a tavern, where they met for the purpose of settling up accounts among themselves?—London Telegraph.

RARE WILD BEASTS.

The Kodiak Bear and the Tufted Ear Rhinoceros.

There are a number of beasts specimens of which are ardently desired not only by the zoological gardens of the world, but by the professional menageries as well. Among these may be mentioned the Kodiak bear, an extremely rare animal and one calculated to make a Rocky mountain grizzly appear insignificant.

South America contains a prize in the form of a species of jaguar never held in captivity. This jaguar is of tremendous size and coat black.

There are two rare birds in the Amazon forests whereof no specimens have ever been brought away—the "bell bird" and the "lost soul." These names are derived from the effects produced by the cries of the birds, the former having a voice likened to that of a silver bell and the latter possessing the eerie accompaniment of crooning in such a manner as to produce gooseflesh on the unfortunate person who hears its song.

The naturalists will also vote an expression of heartfelt thanks to the individual who will fetch them from far-off Burma a specimen of a rhinoceros having a black hide and big, tufted ears. No one has ever actually seen this rhinoceros; but, it is averred, while men have frequently seen his hide.

New Zealand is a land of animal mysteries. The most popular of the rare beasts whereof specimens are longed for by the civilized world is a kind of duck billed beast. No one seems certain what it should be called. Darwin, it is added, was always of the opinion that some day a true lizard-bird, i. e., not a flying lizard, but a true missing link between the birds and the reptiles—might be found in New Zealand.—Harper's Weekly.

The Catalpa Tree.
The catalpa tree is the slouch of the forest. It has a brief season of beauty, but this outburst of charm is so exceedingly ephemeral when compared with the long weeks and months when it seems to be fairly reveling in litter that the wonder is its presence is tolerated to the extent it has been in years gone by. We believe it was Lord Byron who once indulged in a few rhapsodical utterances over the catalpa blossoms, but it is safe to say he never had to clean up a yard which was marred by the presence of one or more of the trees or the sentiments expressed would have been in other than poetic vein.—Des Moines Capital.

European Tattoos.
Tattooing is not by any means confined to savage peoples. There are races in Europe which make it a regular practice, and men, women and children bear on their bodies ornamentations that are as ornate and queer, although not as extensive, as are markings on the bodies of the south sea savages. These European tattoos are among the Albanians and Bosnians, who live in the famous Balkan peninsula.

Pride All Around.
"I'm proud to say," boasted the man with the large stomach and the immense sofa, "that I ain't never wasted any time readin' poetry."
"Well," ventured the gentleman with the seedy clothes and the high brow, "if the poets were asked they would probably agree that they were proud of it too."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Recent Inventions.

A recently patented door closet is made adjustable so that it will close a door completely or return it to any desired open angle.

An all rubber automobile wheel has been patented, rigid at the center and with the hardness lessening gradually until the circumference is reached.

A Scotch inventor has perfected a sledlike machine which when drawn over a road accurately records on a paper covered cylinder all irregularities in the road's surface.

Jenkins Was Ignored.

William Pitt's last words are said to have been, "My country, oh, how I love my country." Pitt's butler afterward said that the statesman's dying words were, "I hope the country will do something for Jenkins." The butler was Jenkins, but nobody accepted his testimony, and the country certainly did nothing for Jenkins.

Colors in Cottons.

A good mixture to set color in cotton materials is one tablespoonful of turpentine, a handful of salt and a pail of cold water.

Tontis, the Neapolitan.

The modern business of life insurance is a gradual development of the associations formed by Tontis, a Neapolitan adventurer, in 1633. The members of Tontis's associations paid a certain sum of money into a fund, the interest on which was divided annually among the surviving members.

Sandpaper.

The best sandpaper is made from powdered port wine and stout bottles.

Canadian Sealers.

The seamen who ship on sailing cruises from Canada get a proportionate share of the catch. During the course of a profitable season an ordinary seaman will receive \$1,000 or more as his share.

A Wonderful Rose Tree.

Frenchmen hold that the finest rose tree grows in the marine gardens at Toulon. It is a Banksia, which has been known to bear a thousand blooms at a time. It covers a fifteen foot wall to a width of some eighty feet.

The Red Hat.

The chief insignia of the cardinal's dignity, his red hat, had as its original significance the idea that the wearer was to be at all times ready to shed his blood in martyrdom for the church.

Persian Rugs.

Every district in Persia has its own style and designs of rugs, yet the mere name is no guide to quality, as good and bad rugs are turned out in all districts. The choicest are woven in silk and wool.

Prague English.

For English speaking guests to the Hotel Monopol at Prague is this sign: "To blow out the electric lights, turn the button. Wine lists are a hanging in the ground floor."

Lead Pipes.

By polishing lead pipes with pumice and a wet rag and then applying white varnish they may be kept bright indefinitely.

Heat Measurement.

A calorie, the unit of measurement, is that quantity of heat required to raise the temperature of one gram of water one degree centigrade.

A Rub For Tennyson.

When Alfred Tennyson appeared in the Oxford theater to receive his D. O. L. degree it is said that his disheveled hair and generally negligent state provoked the undergraduates into greeting him with the inquiry, "Did your mother call you early, call you early, Alfred, dear?"

First Printed Almanac.

The first printed almanac was the "Pro Pluribus Annis," issued at Vienna in 1457 by an astronomer named Purbach.

Parasite Flowers.

Curious excrescences resembling ride flowers grow on trees in Tierra del Fuego. These are found to be due to a parasitic growth, but the "flowers" consist of the inner wood of the tree which has been forced through the bark and assumes various fanciful shapes, often those of the classical acanthus, seen on Corinthian capitals. The parasite that causes the growth is a relative of the mistletoe.

New Brunswick Forests.

New Brunswick has about 8,000,000 acres of fir, spruce and pine.

Milk to Let.

English is sadly misused at times on the continent of Europe. One sign in Genoa, Italy, reads, "Dancer—Wine Inclosed," and another "Milk For Sale or to Let."

Lisbon and Fish.

It is estimated that every inhabitant of Lisbon eats half a pound of fish daily. The city has its fishing fleet of forty-six vessels, some of which go as far as the coast of Morocco, sixty miles away.

Salmon Skin Leather.

The inhabitants of the eastern coasts of the middle of Asia clothe themselves with the tanned skins of the salmon. It is asserted that it makes a leather as tough as wash leather.

The Game and the Candle.

Many expressions now in everyday use have originated around the card table, and "the game isn't worth the candle" is one of them. Before artificial lighting had reached its present high stage gamblers won and lost fortunes by candlelight. When play was slow and uninteresting the game, in the opinion of the players, was not worth the cost of the candle whose light made the cards visible.

Where Looks Don't Matter.

Appropos of a titled foreigner's marriage to a rich and rather plump American girl a New Yorker said:

"The count has no cause to complain. The ethics of such a marriage as his are but the ethics of the matrimonial agency."

"A man called at a matrimonial agency."

"I am interested," he said, "in the young lady who has \$250,000 in her own right. Could you let me see her photograph?"

"No; that is not the custom," the agent replied. "In any case over \$100,000 the photograph is never asked for."

HANDCUFFS.

Various Devices That Have Been Used in Fettering Prisoners.

In Vergil is to be found the first recorded instance of the use of handcuffs, for the poet tells us that Proteus was thus fettered and rendered powerless by Aristaeus, who apparently knew that even the gods themselves were not proof against this form of persuasion.

In the fourth century B. C. an army of victorious Greeks found several chariots full of handcuffs among the baggage of the defeated Carthaginians, and it is highly probable that the ancient Egyptians had some contrivance of the kind. The word is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "handcopp," whence comes evidently the slang term "copper."

In earliest Saxon days "handcops" were used for nobles and "foot cops" for kings, but in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the word is supplanted by the terms "shack belt" and "swivel manacle," and the instruments were as cumbersome as the names by which they were known.

Up to the middle of the last century there were two kinds of handcuff in general use. One, known as the "flexible," was very like that which is still used; the other kind, called the "figure eight," was used to restrain violent prisoners. It was so fashioned that the captive could not move his hands and was universally dreaded, for the pain caused by a limb immovably confined is almost unbearable.

A simple but powerful device for securing prisoners was the "twister," now abolished owing to the injuries it inflicted. It consisted of a chain with handles at each end. The chain was put around the wrists; and the handles were brought together and twisted until a firm grip was obtained. The least struggle on the part of the captive and the chains bit deep into his wrists. Of the same nature, but made of wire, is "the ligote," while in an emergency whipcord has proved perfectly satisfactory.

The handcuff used in some parts of eastern Europe is most primitive. It consists of a V shaped piece of metal, in which the wrists are inserted, the open ends being then drawn together by means of a cross lock, which must be kept taut the whole time. The most handy form of cuff, which is in general use at present, comes from America. It is lighter and much less clumsy than the old "flexible."

"It is no easy matter to clap the 'traceteles' on a person who is struggling violently. Inventors should turn their attention to the subject, for much remains to be done before the fighting prisoner can be quickly and strongly secured without harm to himself or his captor.—London Globe.

The Tuaregs.

In his book "Across the Sahara" Hans Vischer writes: "On a spot recently uncovered by the wind I picked up blunt arrowheads and knives, Carthaginian coins, money lost by Romans and Arabs, and fragments of beautifully colored marble slabs which probably once adorned some Roman villa on the hills."

Strange peoples were met in that long march across the Sahara—the Tuaregs, for instance, who need not a suffragist attack to bring them to their senses, for among the Tuaregs it is the man, the brute, who by all the laws of the country has to obey the woman. Descent is traced through the mother. Woman shows her proud face to all the world, while the man goes veiled."

The Artist and His Work.

The great artists, like the great heroes, have always done whatever came to hand. Michelangelo grumbled and said he was a sculptor when Julius II. set him to paint, but he painted the roof of the Sistine chapel. Shakespeare chafed at the popularity of the fool in the drama of his time and then produced the fool in "Lear." If either of them had waited for perfect conditions and an inspiration untrammelled by circumstances he would have done nothing. They produced masterpieces because they made the best of things as they were. And this is the business of the artist in life.—London Times.

His Pockets Were Empty.

Damoreau, an actor, fought a duel in 1834 with an orator named Manuel. The orator proved the better swordsmen and would have run Damoreau through the body had not his sword struck a five franc piece which happened to be in the actor's pocket. This drew from a notoriously impetuous journalist the exclamation, "Alas, if I had been in Damoreau's place it would have been all over with me!"—New York Post.

Domestic Joys.

Wife—I came across a bundle of your old love letters today. Husband—Did you read them over? Wife—Yes. Husband—And what was the effect of that perusal? Wife—I wondered which was the bigger fool—you for writing them or I for marrying you after receiving them.

The Test.

"They seem to be in love."
"Yes; I really believe those two think as much of each other as they do of themselves."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Pa's Definition.

"Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a matrimonial prize? Pa—A matrimonial prize, my son, is the woman some other man married.—Chicago News.

Short Stories.

Street letter boxes were first erected in March, 1855.

In strong contrast to the many hot water geysers of Yellowstone park a new one ejects ice cold water.

The Charleston (S. C.) Bible society, which was organized in 1810, six years before the American Bible society, recently celebrated its centennial.

The United States government has spent more than \$250,000,000 for the improvement of inland navigation and more than \$400,000,000 for irrigation.

Stage Names.

Kid Bustin, the lightweight, I used to admire—
His punch was exceedingly hard—
But I found, to my grief, when I chanced to inquire,
Childie Weeks was the name on his card.

I listened enraptured when Melinda sang.
She awakened the god in my heart
With her marvelous voice till I found,<
With a pang,
She was plain Mrs. Patrick McCart.

As Dizzo, the diver, comes down with a turn
My bosom with wonderment thrills.
But somehow it shortens my pleasure to learn
That his true name is Thomas P. Mills.

When Edmund Fizzaro, the tragedy king,
Brings Hamlet and Shylock to town
I never go near him. I can't care a thing
For talented people born Brown.

I take no delight in a gaze at the names
That history asks us to view.
Old Plato was likely a Smith or a James.
And Caesar perhaps a Depeu.

—Newark Evening News.

Catty.

Mrs. Wrytell—I do wish I could get a good mail.
Mrs. Hauntie—You might interview mine. I think she'd be delighted to go to you.

Mrs. Wrytell—Why, aren't you going to keep her?

Mrs. Hauntie—She won't stay. She says she wants a place where she won't have so many gowns and hats to take care of.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Hints to Young Ministers.

Why close the church in summer?
It isn't up to date.
For dust should never gather
On the collection plate.
Most any congregation
To church would gladly go
If it felt sure that it could see
A first class picture show.

"At the Seventh Baptist All This Week
Big Program" would attract them.
The pastor could remark with pride:
Attendance? Why, we packed them.
Man wants to have been often told,
But little here about
He'd rush to church if he could see
A first class picture show.

—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Something Happened.

A train on one of the transcontinental lines running through Kansas City and is usually late was reported on time a few days ago.

The young man who writes the particulars concerning the trains at that station put down his statistics about this train, "No. 616, from the west, on time."

"Then he wrote underneath, "Cause unknown."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Fishin' Yestaday.

Not much energy today—sort o' hangin' on.
Somewh' wishin' 'at the day was already gone.
Got a kind o' dull headache—feels if I could lay down to sleep an' never wake.

Fishin' yestaday.

Face is feverish an' red—got no appetite.
My, but I will hit the bed good an' hard tonight.
Feelin' kind o' dry an' hot—nothin' much to say.
Don't care if school keeps or not.

Fishin' yestaday.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Late Hours.

"I understand that you recently stayed out till after midnight," said the friend in a shocked tone.

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton.

"Where did you spend all your time?"

"Out on the front step, waiting for Henrietta to relent and let me in."—Washington Star.

An Epitaph.

A lovely young lady I mourn in my times.
She was pleasant, good natured and civil sometimes.
Her figure was good, she had very fine eyes.
Her hair was a mixture of foolish and wise.

Her admirers were many, and one of them said:
"She waited rather well. It's a pity she's dead!"

—George John Cayley.

A Distant Prospect.

"And you say you love me?"
"Devotedly!"

"With the cost of living as high as it is?"
"Indeed I do. And when the cost of living is less I will prove my love by making you my wife."—Houston Post.

Apologies to H. W. L.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village poemsmith stands.
A solemn faced old stoic is he,
And long, prebentile hands,
And may he doesn't go to work,
No one quite understands.

—Chicago Tribune.

Talked With His Hands.

"I asked him to keep his hands still for a minute, as it would interfere with my trick," said the prestidigitateur.
"You ought to have known that he couldn't. He's a Frenchman!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Aristocracy.

His father's father ran a dray.
His father learned the tinners trade.
His daughter proudly sports today
The little woman, wan and gray,
By whom her splendid gowns are made.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Absorbed.

Gyer—That fellow Pufkios reminds me of a ball of twine.
Myer—What's the answer?
Gyer—He's completely wrapped up in himself.—San Francisco Star.

The Summer Girl.

She cut quite a figure on the ice
Last winter, so they say.
And now she cuts one on the beach
In her bathing suit each day.

—Chicago News.

Cruel Comeback.

"I'm doing my best to get ahead," asserted Chollie.
"Well, heaven knows you need one," asserted Dollie.—Toledo Blade.

Ultramarine.

Ultramarine is now furnished by chemistry at half the price of copper, whereas in the form of lapis lazuli in the days of Liebig it was dearer than gold.

She Hadn't.

Patron (to busy waitress)—You haven't any steinere, have you?
Waitress—Sorry, sir, but we just served the last order.—Boston Transcript.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAL COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Miss Johanna Redmond, daughter of John Redmond, M. P., has written a comedy sketch which is to be produced at a London music hall.

Mrs. Ella Flegg Young, Chicago's \$10,000 a year superintendent of schools, has started a movement toward safeguarding the eyes of public school pupils.

Mrs. Anna O. Hagstedt of New York is one of the first women to enter the class of alrship inventors. Recently she was granted letters patent on a combination automobile, flying machine and boat.

Miss Alice Christopher of Evanston, Ill., of her marriage to Gerry E. Brown of Ethelred, Wis., received an unusual bridal gift. The city of Chicago bestowed her family name on a municipal playground.

Miss Mary Katherine Letterman was a clerk in the diplomatic bureau of the state department when she was selected to serve as social secretary to Mrs. Taft. Miss Letterman is a native of Pennsylvania and was educated in France.

Miss Emily Butt was the first woman to have the privilege of the floor in a working session of the Mississippi legislature. It was recorded her in order that she might explain the meaning of the juvenile reformatory bill recently passed.

The Writers.

Mrs. Virginia Terline Van de Water, the writer, is a daughter of Marion Harland.

Henryk Sienkiewicz, the Polish novelist, was born in 1845 and is a leader of the Nationalists in Poland today.

Word comes from London that Mr. William de Morgan is on his way back from Florence, bringing with him the final corrected proofs of his new book. An indication of how careful an artist this author is is the fact that he is said to have almost rewritten his novel in the proofs.

Margaret Chanter Aldrich, the author, is a sister of former Lieutenant Governor Lewis Staynesant Chanter and a great-niece of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. As Miss Chanter was one of the founders and for seven years president of the Women's Municipal league of New York city.

Bridge Hints.

If you hold a good heart, don't discard it.

If you find an unguarded knave, kick him and run.

If you are short of honors, never mind. Many an obscure man dies rich.

With three good suits and four diamonds, it is safe to accept an invitation to a week end party.

If your partner is a dummy, don't complain; she probably wouldn't have married you if she hadn't been.

Holding a commanding club, don't hesitate to tell the cook it looks like rain if the soup justifies the declaration.

With the years against you, never venture a weak heart declaration unless you have diamonds enough to pull you through.—Stuart Set.

Kicking the Cat.

Now they say cats spread disease; also they spread incanula, profanity and a few other things.—Atlanta Constitution.

A well known naturalist estimates that in New England alone 1,600,000 birds are destroyed annually by cats.—Boston Globe.

Cats are responsible for many misdeeds on farms attributed to hawks, owls, skuks or weasels. A cat has been known to kill a whole brood of chickens in a day, a feat which only a mink could equal.—New York Post.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Current Comment.

Insurance companies are retreating on account of the high cost of dying. Where's this thing going to end?—Cleveland Leader.

They are talking about a "fathers' day" now, and dad is beginning to wonder what new bills he will be asked to play as a result.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

It will cost \$500 hereafter to swear in Virginia. Grumbling about the weather and kicking the family cat are the only solace to the poor man.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

We have no wish to erllesse or find fault, but does it not seem to be a curious provision on the part of nature that when you need ice the most it melts the fastest?—Chicago Tribune.

Tales of Cities.

The Test.

A woman of some years entered the store. "Sir," she said to a salesman, "may I speak with the manager?" The manager was called. "Sir, has your store a high rating?" she asked. "Yes, madam; A1." "And have you a good class of trade?" "The very best in the city." "Your clerks—are they of tested honesty?" "Every one, madam." "Thank you. May I leave my umbrella here while I do a little shopping?"—Buffalo Express.

Society Drama.

The parlor drama has the bulge on other plays with me. I love to hear the folks indulge in pleasant repartee. The hero's always so polite. Emits no vulgar "damns." But merely puts the foe to flight with cutting epigrams. There is no ranting and no rage. No wish to maim or slay. The players loathe the stage in cultivated way. The characters are culled with care. They are no common hams. The buller even has his share of timely epigrams. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Modern Way.

"Will you have this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?" "That's what I loved I would." "Will you love, honor and obey her?" "Ain't you got that switched around, parson?" asked the man. "John," said the bride elect, "don't you reckon the parson knows his business? Answer the question!" "Yes, sir," said the bridegroom meekly. "I reckon I'll have to."—Frank L. Stanton.

Camped There by the River.

Camped there where the river is singing to the sea, What care he for glory Where the fish

Free.

Camping folks a-shouting Of offices to be, But what care he for office Where the

Free.

Atlanta Constitution.

Too Much Company.

"Have you ever loved before?" asked the coy maid. "Yes," yawned the worldly young man, "but—never before a chaperon, two small brothers and a pet bulldog." And then she suggested a trip down the old road to see the stars.—Chicago News.

To the Game!

Who does not hate to lie in bed, Receiving drops of noxious med, Or spend his hours on a cot In reach of pills in box or not? Nay; this for all I loudly preach: Go sit upon the sunny bench. There mingle with the poor and rich And cheer the some ten's worthy pitch. —Buffalo Express.

The Last Straw.

"I'll have you know," said O'Houlihan warmly during the discussion about family trees, "that you are an ancestor was an Irish king!" "Got" grinned Kieberger. "Yes he the harp dot runst through Tara's." Just then the fight started.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

The Bass Fiddler.

Ach himmel, der nighte when der odders derf sung "Der Bells on Her Toes" yet, und, Gott, He sings mit his might like a fiddle un-der-ung. Ven effery von hopes he would not! —Kansas City Star.

The Latest Way.

Ellie—Bella always wants to do something out of the ordinary. Stella—That's so. When she heard about a couple getting married by telephone she decided that she would be married by wireless.—New York Press.

Pond Tragedy.

A tadpole out for a sail Was struck by a horrible gale. He cried "Help!" for a joke, But his cry was a croak, And that was the end of his tale. —Cleveland Leader.

Heard in a Haberdashery.

Customer (returning and putting down counterfeit coin received in change)—I want a better hat. Clerk—Beg pardon, sir, but this isn't a matrimonial agency.—Boston Transcript.

The Inheritance.

The college got million bones. The heirs were very little. But never mind. That school now owns A star catcher, a spitball Pitcher and an elegant pinch hitter. —Pittsburg Post.

Time to Escape.

"Why were you in such a hurry to escape from that man?" "He told me he had just found out a way in which I could become very rich."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Revenge.

Like the lava from a crater Came the gravy on his pate, For he failed to tip the waiter. So the waiter tipped the plate. —Woman's Home Companion.

Bringing the Offer Up to Date.

Knecker—I would go through fire and water for you. Stella—Air too?—New York Sun.

The High Fliers.

The aviators are after the goods, but they are not to be confounded with a certain "higher up" class. —Atlanta Constitution.

Anyway, the aeroplane has put an end to the plaint of the molluscoid who was always sighing for the wings of a dove.—Chicago News.

The aeroplane lacks one important ornithological feature—it can't float. When it stops it has to seek a roost.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Calamity's Victory.

BY FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

In hot haste, equipped for duty, and with Calamity at his heels, Reynolds, the scout, appeared before a door of the colonel's quarters at Fort B. "Reynolds," said the commandant, who had suddenly sent for him, "how is it, my man? Can you put Calamity in at Camp Sibley in forty-eight hours?" Before Reynolds could reply, and even as the commandant was speaking, there was a rush of hunting-dogs to the front. An attendant, as usual at this hour of the morning, had unlocked the pack kept at the rear of the commandant's quarters. With great uproar the pack came bounding at him. Reynolds wheeled in his tracks, with uplifted quirt, to stop Calamity, but the horses were of lightning speed in action. He leaped high and plunged as a deadly missile among the pack. There were fierce yelps of surprise and pain, and the dogs scattered like a flight of grouse. But one young, overgrown, clumsy hound failed to get away. It lay kicking feebly under the pony's whistling nostrils, its skull crushed by a fore-foot stroke which would have killed an ox.

Killing dogs was Calamity's specialty. This was his fifth victim at Fort B, but hereafter the colonel did not suffer loss. Reynolds stood for a moment looking down at the stricken dog. His jaw dropped, and his face was pale with anger and mortification. "The commandant's face was black with wrath, but he controlled his voice with an effort. The valuable qualities of the 'cream buckskin'—his strength, speed, endurance and love for Reynolds—were as well known as his general perverseness and fury of temper. And no—his good qualities were needed.

"Don't pound and excite the beast now, Reynolds," the commandant said. "You will need all his reserve speed between here and Camp Sibley."

He took a note-book and fountain pen from a pocket, wrote a few lines upon a leaf, tore it off, opened a leather case and thrust the paper inside.

"Beside the dispatch," said the commandant, handing the leather case to Reynolds, "there is an order on Lieutenant Grady for a horse. You will have Calamity shot at Camp Sibley. Grady will do it with honors, by file of the line if you choose," he added in a grim humor.

"The scout's face lengthened to an extraordinary degree, but he uttered no protest.

"Now, Reynolds," said his colonel, in another and very different tone, "ride harder and with your eyes wider open as usual—if such a thing is possible. Six hundred or more Cheyennes have just cut loose down below, and they're coming this way mighty fast. I had this by wire direct from the siding not more than thirty minutes ago."

The scout saluted, mounted to silence, and rode away to the south. "Blast his dogs!" he exclaimed, when out of ear-shot of the barracks. "There's regiments of such pups to be had for the asking, and there's only one horse on the reserves can go from the Fort to Camp Sibley in two days. Calamity, old boy," he said, sorrowfully, "you'll likely save Grady and his men in a beautiful run, and they'll shoot you up for doing it! You'd best have took to the hills the time when you killed old Bill's Jack."

All day Reynolds rode at Calamity's swift and racking gallop, stopping only for brief rest at creeks and water-holes.

When a full moon rose, at the close of a cool October day, he camped near the bed of a brook, among some foothills. Tireless Calamity immediately fell to cropping the short, nutritious-buffalo-grass.

Reynolds had seen no sign of Indians. As he was yet a full half day's ride outside the danger lines, he boldly made coffee over a fire of dry sagebrush, ate frugal and hasty supper; and then, far more weary than his pony, composed himself to sleep.

The moon was riding high when the scout was roused by Calamity's scintillating note of warning or inquiry.

Reynolds rose instantly to an elbow. Keen-eyed and alert, he was lying on flat ground with low foothills on each side, and in the flood of moonlight every object within many rods was distinctly visible.

Calamity was standing with ears erect, his nose pointing toward the nearest hills. He stood thus for some seconds, then quietly resumed grazing.

Although Reynolds could make out nothing unusual, he rose to a sitting posture and presently saw a shadowy figure dimly outlined against a gray bank of sage-bush. This shadowy figure revealed the huge shoulders and drooping head of a grizzly bear coming leisurely along the bottom-land. As it approached it reared its great head, apparently regarding the buckskin pony with covetous eyes.

Calamity gazed on with indifference. The bear came still nearer, going in a half-circle, with a probable intention of rushing the grays at close quarters.

When the animal was within a few rods, Reynolds raised his carbine, the only weapon he carried. There was a light gleam as he aimed at the bear's head and fired, little caring whether he killed the brute or merely frightened it away.

He did neither. The grizzly was hit somewhere about the face, and whirled round, boxing its own jaws like a circus clown. Calamity raised his head and looked on with a short, as of contemptuous amusement.

Reynolds sprang to his feet and fired again. Then the grizzly charged him. Reynolds put a third bullet into the beast, but it still came on furiously.

The scout pumped the lever again swiftly, and jammed a swelled shell halfway into the barrel.

He "yanked" once more and broke the extractor. In the same instant there was a clatter of hoofs; then best, horse and man came together in a confused, uproarious tumble.

How Reynolds got out of the melee without broken bones he was unable to tell; but fearfully thumped and bruised; he found himself lying upon his back, gasping and bewildered. Still the tumult of fighting was in his ears.

When his momentary giddiness had passed away the scout staggered to his feet and turned to witness a fight so fast, so fierce and furious that he stood for some seconds staring in amazement.

Badly wounded by bullets though the grizzly was, it seemed as if Calamity must be killed or must save himself by running. But the pony was engaged in a dogged, vicious struggle, in which there was certainly a degree of intelligent maneuvering.

Agitated and agitated, the maddened bear charged upon him with jaws agape and with hoarse, barking growls of rage; again and again Calamity dodged, counter-charged, and battered the grizzly's flanks with his lightning fore-foot stroke. His pounding sounded like muffled bass-drum beats.

More than once the grizzly gave Calamity buffets that would have knocked another pony off its feet, but with shrill snorts and squeals and cracking thumps from his heels the fierce pony retorted. It was, indeed, a kind of titanic boxing-match.

Thus fighting, the beasts circled round Reynolds, who saw about half-frantic at his helplessness.

He picked up his carbine, which lay near at hand, and broke both blades of his pocket-knife trying to extract the jammed shell. There was no use trying; only with a steel rod inside the barrel could he batter the cartridge out, and he had no rod at hand.

He stood overwhelmed with a sense of frightful responsibility. If Calamity were to be killed or too much injured to travel farther, two days and more must elapse before he could possibly reach Camp Sibley. Every soul there might be slaughtered in the meantime. Six hundred Cheyennes on the war-path, and Lieutenant Grady at Sibley quite unwarned! Reynolds drew his hunting-knife from its sheath; he would take a hand in the fray.

He slipped forward, paused, stopped short. If he were killed or disabled he suddenly remembered, there would be no chance at all of saving Sibley. And the chances were ten to one against his escape if he interfered.

As he stood hesitating, the pony, dodging a sudden rush of the bear, left Reynolds exposed. Instantly the grizzly charged upon the scout. Reynolds poised his knife to meet the attack, and again, in a whirl of dust, Calamity came to his rescue.

Even as the grizzly was reaching, open-mouthed, for the man, a lightning stroke on the spine knocked him off his feet; and before the bear could recover from this paralyzing knock-down, the pony landed with all four upon its ribs. The wounded grizzly groined and groined desperately, trying vainly to rise; but again Calamity jumped with pounding hoof-beats, and hammered on the dying enemy's broad side with his terrible heels, while Reynolds cheered in a frenzy of love and pride for his fighting pony.

As soon as he had recovered somewhat from this transport, the scout awaited his opportunity and mercifully killed the bear with a knife-thrust. Some minutes passed before he dared to approach Calamity. Then he led the sweating pony into the stream at hand, and bathed his quivering, heated legs and flanks.

The horse had come off with a few scratches and some contusions, none of a serious nature. In half an hour he was again quietly feeding upon the flat.

Forty-five hours out from Fort B, Reynolds galloped in at Camp Sibley, and nine hours later the Cheyennes came. The Indians found Lieutenant Grady and his men prepared and waiting for them; and so they rode away as they had come, in clouds of dust, without attempting to attack.

Then Reynolds presented himself at the lieutenant's tent.

"Calamity's plucked by himself," he said, stripping himself of a cartridge belt, the only article of uniform he wore.

He offered the belt and his carbine to Grady, saying:

"They're all the government property I've carried. You'd best take care of them. I'm acting under independent orders, and—well, I'm going home to my own ranch, and it won't be safe for me to have a weapon about me when Calamity is shot."

"Reynolds," said the lieutenant, with an abstracted air, "I shall be very busy this evening. You're going home, eh? Well, goodbye and good luck to you. By the way, don't shoot that horse on this side of the creek," and he turned into his tent.

For a moment Reynolds stared in wonder and doubt at the officer's retreating form; then full comprehension and great delight dawned upon his face.

Some weeks later, at his home on the U. S. road, Reynolds received a letter from the colonel commanding at Fort B. There were just two lines, and they read:

My dear Reynolds, God bless Calamity! Report with him for duty at Robinson.—Youth's Companion.

Explanation Enough.

Not one can quarrel with Professor Laughlin's list of causes for high prices so far as it goes. It includes: The tariff, the advanced value of good farm lands, the movement of farm population to the cities, the rise of wages, the disappearance of range-fed beef, and the national extravagance, the cost of military operations here and abroad, the monopoly methods of trusts, costly trouble-saving methods of retailing, growing extravagance in the standards of private life. Here is food for thought in direction swarming about much gold production which can not be controlled. —New York World.

Business.

"Yes," said the man with the scanty hair, "my wife is much interested in business."

"Then the neighbors are right," rejoined the man with the hammer.

"What do you mean?" queried the party of the prelude.

"They say," answered the other, "that she is interested in everybody's business."—Chicago News.

During a few weeks spent in the country small Eva missed the fish served each Friday for dinner at home.

"Grandma," she said one day, "don't you have any Fridays in the country?"

"Of course we do dear," replied the old lady. "We have one each week."

"Well," said Eva, "I thought perhaps you didn't, for I haven't emailed a Friday since I've been here."

"Do you not see the handwriting on the wall?" asked the foreboding friend.

"No," replied Senator Borghum; "the headlines in the newspapers are enough for me."—Washington Star.

She—"Mr. Sweeney has such polish and such flesh. Haven't you observed it?" He (sagely).—"No, I haven't; more the pity I'd like to see his finish!"—Baltimore American.

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Defends a Libel.

Richard Burton, noted poet and educator, rejoiced at a luncheon in Minneapolis over the disappearance of the old enmity between Minneapolis and St. Paul.

"It was a bitter and irrational enmity," said Prof. Burton, "for Minneapolis and St. Paul are both very pleasant places."

"It is recorded that a Minneapolis capitalist could not, till late in life, be induced to set foot inside St. Paul. He did one day make the journey, and after some hours in our neighborly city he returned home again, a bitter set to his mouth."

"Well, what do you of our town, sir?" a St. Paul reporter asked him that night.

"The ugliest, vilest town I've ever seen," the capitalist replied.

The reporter was hurt. He knew he could not print anything of the sort. He on his lip and said:

"Yet God made St. Paul, sir." "Certainly He did," the capitalist answered, but we must always remember that he made it for the St. Paulites; and by the same token, though capitalists are odious, He made hell."—Detroit Free Press.

A Question of Thirst.

The woman lecturer who seeks to inculcate lessons of sweetness and light was talking to a class of boys.

"I saw two people bestow aims upon a poor old man to-day," she said. "One gave a cent with a smile, the other a nickel with a frown. Now which do you suppose did the man most good?"

"It just depends, madam," said one incorrigible, "upon how thirsty he was."—New York Times.

Staid Awake.

"I want to thank you," said the orator, "for the manner in which you gave attention to my remarks. Your attitude was gratifyingly different from the others."

"Yes," replied the auditor; "but I don't want any credit that is not due me. I have had insomnia for weeks."—Washington Star.

The Family Plate.

"Have you made arrangements for looking up the family plate?" inquired Mr. Cumrox.

"I wish," replied his wife, severely, "that you wouldn't use the singular number in that connection. You know we have a large number of very expensive dishes."—Washington Star.

The Feminine Test.

Stella—How can you tell if a painting is genuine? Bella—By whether it rubs off.—Judge.

Haste Vs. Paste.

"Say, Bob, what are the ladies 'hurry-ing away for?"

"Why, you see, that's Professor Pastern, the great gem expert. He knows a bogus diamond as soon as he sees it, and he says so."—Judge.

"I told you," said Brother Dickey, "that de com'nt wuzn't gwine ter hurt anybody. I said so from de very first—didn't I?" "Well, then," said Brother Williams, "how come you wuz 'noidin' revival meetin's, an' prayin' day an' night?" "Well," replied Brother Dickey, "I thought it wuz just as well to be in a state of preparation!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"So you've lost your job? That's too bad. But look around. Surely you can quickly find another." "Not the kind I've had." "What have you been doing?" "Writing daily copyrighted articles about what might be expected to happen when the earth passed through the tail of Halley's comet."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Of course, you know the story of William Tell," said the serious citizen.

"To tell you the truth," replied Mr. Cumrox, "I'm not clear about him. I can't exactly remember whether he was a great marksman or a famous opera singer."—Washington Star.

The Sunday school teacher had just explained to the juvenile class that the first parents were made from dust.

"Now, Edgar," she said to a bright little fellow, "can you tell me who the first man was?" "Henry Clay," was the prompt reply.

"How does your new book go?" "Great! I am convinced that it is a classic." "A classic? What convinces you of that?" "Everybody has either seen it or heard of it, but nobody has read it."—Cleveland Leader.

Mr. Hubb—"The intelligence office managed to tell me that our new girl was once an actress." Mrs. Hubb—"I believe it. She does the furniture exactly as the suburbs does it on the stage."—Boston Transcript.

Rambo—"I have a pair of glasses at home that make me see double." Baldwin—"Yes; I've seen you using them. One is a beer mug and the other is a whiskey tumbler."—Chicago Tribune.

"I had an awful argument with my wife last night." "Did you? Which won?" "Which one? Gee-whiz! How many do you think I've got?"—Telegram.

"Sweets are the uses of adversity," quoted the Wise Guy. "You can have mine," said the Simple Mug, "I don't care for sweets."—Philadelphia Record.

"Pa, what's the woman question?" "It generally is: 'What in the world could ever have made him fall in love with her?'"—Chicago Record Herald.

"Does Scribbler's new novel end happily?" asked his wife. "It simply says that they were married," he answered.—Buffalo Express.

Uncle Henry—"So you are going to school now Willie. Do you love your teacher? Willie (aged 7)—I should say not. She's too old for me."

Optimist—"In this world one happy hour makes up for a heap of unhappy ones." Pessimist—"Yes. It has to."—Puck.

"Pa, what are wall-flowers?" "Pinks of propriety, my son."—Boston Transcript.

A prig is a fool who imagines he can be a wise man by merely observing rules.—Puck.

The Only Conclusion.

The story—possibly apocryphal—is told of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes, that one day a woman wished to consult him about some thefts. "My detective powers," he is reputed by a writer in the Washington Star to have replied, "are at your service."

"Well," said the woman, "frequent and mysterious thefts have been occurring at my home for a long time. These have disappeared last week a motor horn, a spoon, a box of golf balls, a left riding boot, a dictionary, and a half dozen tin plates."

"I see it," said the author. "The case is perfectly clear. You keep a goat."

A Brief Love Story.

The Syrian patriot halted before the open window of the khan's captive, a girl from the hills.

"A message from my lord, the khan," he said, hesitating, and laid upon the edge of the lattice a spray of almond.

"The girl ripped off the delicate blossoms and handed back the barren twigs."

Seeking the Clare.

"That man is always anxious to get into the spotlight," said the observant citizen.

"Yes," replied Senator Borghum, "but he doesn't discriminate. One of these days he's going to stand in front of a locomotive headlight and not realize his mistake till he is run over."—Washington Star.

A Western Solon.

Prosecuting Attorney (Frozen Dog)—Your Honor, the sheriff's bull pup has gone and chewed up the court Bible.

Judge—Well, make the witness kiss the bull pup, then! We can't adjourn court for a week to hunt up a new Bible.—San Antonio Sentinel.

An Open Question.

The Hotel Clerk—"Beg pardon sir, but what is your name?"

The Visitor—"Why, you idiot, haven't I just put my signature on the register?"

The Hotel Clerk—"Yes, that is what aroused my curiosity."—The Sketch.

His Vanity Flattered.

"That candidate thinks that he was defeated by the trustee."

"Yes," answered Senator Borghum, "wherever a man gets the worst of it he likes to console himself with the idea that he had a mighty big antagonist."—Washington Star.

For Awhile.

"He vows he is tired of living."

"Well?"

"I must restrain him from doing anything rash."

"Why restrain him? Let him go to boarding if he wants to."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sorry.

"You never, somehow, say the right thing at the right time," his wife complained.

"I know it," he sadly replied, "but you seemed to think I did once."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Indignant Constituent—"This is the fourth time I have called to see the Senator, by appointment, and found him out every time!" Secretary (of eloquent statement)—"Oh, well, I wouldn't make a fuss about that. According to what the papers say, everybody is flouting him out."—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Horton—We are organizing a piano club, Mr. Flatleigh. Will you join us? Flatleigh—With pleasure, Mrs. Horton. What pianist do you propose to club first?

Mrs. Caller—Do you know the woman next door well enough to speak to Mrs. Dubious—Well enough? I know her to well to speak to.—Saturday Sunset.

Young Wife—This dish, dearest, is an original composition of my own. Husband—Well, I should rather, my pet, that you would cook after the old masters.

For Over Sixty Years.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children's ailments. It cures colic, wind, and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth sent at once and gets a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children's ailments. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhea, regulates the bowels, and is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best families physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Beware of cheap imitations. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, June 25th, 1906. Serial number 1008.

The average weight of the heart is from nine to eleven ounces.

Something that will quiet the nerves, give strength to the body, induce refreshing sleep, improve the quality of the blood, and purify and brighten the complexion, is what many persons would be very glad to obtain. Carter's Iron Pills are made for exactly this class of troubles, and are remarkably successful in accomplishing the ends desired, as named above. They are useful for both men and women. Price, 50 cents a box.

A wild herb growing in Paraguay is much sweeter than sugar.

Nerves are weary as free from some little ailment caused by indigestion of the liver. Carter's Little Liver Pills. The result will be a pleasant surprise. They give positive relief.

The Idaho won the battleship record for being the best hitter in the Navy.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. All queries must be written on one side of the paper only. 4. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 5. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the signature. 6. Direct all communications to Miss E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Room, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1910.

NOTES.

ZION CHURCH, NEWPORT, R. I.

(Continued.)

Marriages by Rev. John West.
Price, Margaret E. and Isaac Silbey, May 14, 1898.
Price, May B. and Saml. S. Mumford, July 16, 1898.
Randolf, Elizabeth A., and Oliver H. Perry, April 21, 1898.
Rider, Elizabeth S. and Augustus Sweet, Mar. 25, 1891.
Robinson, Robert J. and Jane S. Northern, April 16, 1891.
Sherman, Edward A. and Elizabeth M. Amy, July 19, 1897.
Shorman, Ella S. and Freeborn Coggeshall, Mar. 10, 1840.
Silbey, Isaac and Margaret E. Price, May 14, 1898.
Spencer, Micah W. and Sarah A. Eddy, Sept. 5, 1890.
Sweet, Augustus and S. Elizabeth Rider, Mar. 25, 1891.
Whitfield, Eliza and James Barney, Jan. 7, 1893.
Taber, Sarah and Dennis Brown, Jan. 11, 1897.
Taeker, Thomas and Sarah A. McCortie, Oct. 5, 1895.
Tilley, Mary J. and George G. Hazard, Sept. 8, 1895.
Weeden, Warren G. and Susan Mory, May 6, 1899.
Whitehouse, Mary and Robert Hardy, June 27, 1897.—E. M. T.

(To be continued.)

THAYER—Sketch of Seth Thayer, of Mendon, Mass., a Revolutionary patriot, by a descendant.

Seth Thayer was the seventh child of Jonathan and Bethiah (Chapin) Thayer, of Mendon, Massachusetts, in which town he was born, July 27, 1725. His father's homestead was probably in the southeastern part of the town. His wife was Judith, daughter of John and Lydia (Wells) Thayer, born at Braintree, Massachusetts, December 25, 1735. Seth and Judith had their homestead on a large farm in the North Hill District, where he raised a large family. They became members of the Congregational Church in 1763, and led an exemplary life. Family tradition, and such records as have been found relating to him, give him the credit of being a patriotic citizen, and when the time came for active service on the "Lexington Alarm," he enlisted as a private in Captain Jounison's Company, and marched from Mendon to Roxbury and Cambridge, and served eleven and one half days. Later he was commissioned, July 9, 1776, as First Lieutenant in Captain Jeremiah Nelson's 5th Company, 8th Worcester County Regiment, under Col. Ezra Wood. I also find the name of Seth Thayer as Lieutenant on the Muster and Pay Roll of Lieut. Col. Nathaniel Tyler's regiment for service in Rhode Island on the alarm of December 8, 1776.

It was reported that the British intended to march to Boston by way of Providence. Martial law was proclaimed in that town, and the other colonies were requested to send troops for its defense, and to interrupt the enemy. Seth Thayer marched to Providence with his companions, on this occasion, and served one month and fifteen days. He remained a member of Col. Tyler's 3rd Regiment of Worcester County, Massachusetts, until November 10, 1779, when his resignation was accepted by the Council of War, of Massachusetts. He died of apoplexy quite suddenly, May 24, 1803. The father of Seth Thayer was a grandson of Ferdinando, son of Thomas Thayer, who came to New England about 1645, with his wife, Marguerite Wheeler. This family was of Saxony origin, and owned lands in Thornbury, England as far back as 1807. The name was originally Tayer, and spelled up to the time Thomas came to America. The marriage of Thomas to Marguerite Wheeler is found on the records of the Parish Church at Thornbury, under date of April 13, 1618. His son Ferdinando was baptized in Thornbury, in 1625, and married Huldah Haywood, his son.

Jonathan was born in Braintree, Mass., March 18, 1658, and married Bethiah Chapin, and had son Seth Thayer, the subject of this sketch.

General Simon Thayer, so well known in Rhode Island during the Revolutionary War, was an officer and patriot, was a second cousin of Seth Thayer.—X. Y. Z.

QUERIES.

6448. CHESTER—Who were the parents of William Chester, of Newport, R. I.? He died 1709, and administration on his estate was granted to the widow, Anna Chester, October 5.—T. C.

6449. DOUGLAS—Would like ancestry of Nathaniel Douglas, of Newport, R. I. Was he married? Had he children? If so, would like names and dates. William Torrey was granted administration on his estate, June 9, 1711.—T. C.

6450. COLLINS—Will of William Collins of Newport, R. I., tanner, was dated January 18, 1711, proved February 4, 1712. Mentioned wife Sarah Collins; son William Collins; daughters Anna, Sarah and Elizabeth; brother in law Daniel Whitman. Who was Sarah? Was she a sister of Daniel Whitman, and who were their parents?—T. C.

6451. STILES—Samuel Stiles, born at Boxford, Mass., in 1682, may have married (as second wife) Abigail Pendleton, either in Windham Co., Conn., or in Rehoboth, R. I., some time between 1714 and 1743. A record of this marriage is wanted, or of any marriage of a woman named Pendleton to a man named Stiles, that may be found in any of the towns formerly

included in Rehoboth, R. I., or in any town belonging to Windham Co., Conn. I also desire to know the date and place of birth of John Stiles son of Stiles and Abigail Pendleton. Also, date and place of marriage of the said John Stiles and Lucy Johnson (their eldest son, Reuben, was born 1701). Also, date and place of marriage, and record of child, of Moses Stiles and Phoebe, his wife, undoubtedly the same Moses Stiles who was living at Windham, Conn., in 1730-32, and received deed of land at Ashford, Conn., in 1736.—L. G.

6452. PHILLIPS—The widow Mary Phillips was in Plymouth, Mass., 1702, and had children; Thomas, b. about 1678, probably eldest child; Miriam, married a Dunham; Elizabeth, died unmarried; Rebecca, married Sturmy; and Mary, married Chandler. Mary Phillips appears to have married an Oronot before 1711, and died 1780, aged 71 years. Can any one give a clue to her maiden name, or the Christian names of her husbands or any information concerning them? Where did Samuel Phillips (son of John of Duxbury who died 1692) settle, and where are his descendants?—L. G.

6453. BARNEY, MARTIN, BALS-BURY, BOWEN, NICHOLES—Answers to the following questions desired: 1. Who were the parents of Ann Barney, who married Daniel Wilbur, son of William of Portsmouth, R. I., about 169-7? 2. Jonathan Martin, widow, died in Rehoboth, Mass., about 1698; what was her husband's name? also the names of their children? 3. Information desired concerning William Salisbury, who was of Swan, Mass., 1671. 4. How there been a Genealogy of the Bowen family, descendants of Richard and Ann, of Rehoboth, Mass., printed? 5. Information respecting Samuel Nichols, of Kinderhook, N. Y., who by his first wife had twins, Samuel and Eleanor, born 1735.—L. G.

MIDDLETOWN.

Worthy Lecturer Charles H. Ward of Aquidneck Grange offers two subjects for the regular meeting next Thursday at the town hall which should prove of interest not only to grangers but the public at large: "What would happen if everybody always had everything that they wanted?" Discussion led by William S. Stearns and Wm. J. O. Young, both of Middletown. Second subject, "What percentage of the contents of the average daily newspaper may safely be believed?" Mrs. Daniel H. Hazard and William O. Milne.

Rev. Lilla Groswood is entertaining his aunt, Mrs. Laidley of Minneapolis.

A most successful picnic was held at Rehoboth on the Wanda, formerly known as Southwick's Grove, on Wednesday by the parish of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Many guests were present from Portsmouth and Newport, a gathering of over 100 in all. Refreshments, including fruit and ice cream were served and during the latter portion of the afternoon Mrs. Gibbs entertained in the old fashioned "Round House," serving cake and grape nectar. All were invited to place their names upon the registry book. The privilege of using the grove was greatly appreciated by everyone as it is an ideal natural spot for any summer outing. The picnic planned for this date to have been given by the Women's Foreign Missionary Society has been postponed for another month.

Mr. Walter Sherman and his two sisters are making an extended visit at Richfield Springs, N. Y. They have closed their home on Vernon avenue for the month.

Mrs. James Sayles of Providence, who is spending the summer with her children here, was the soloist at the morning service Sunday at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel and will sing again on Sunday morning next. She has a full, rich, soprano voice and her singing met with marked appreciation. While there is a large attendance in the morning at the Chapel, so few are present at the 4 o'clock service that this order is likely to be changed to an evening service at the Berkeley Parish House.

There was a full attendance Tuesday evening at the town hall at the School Committee Meeting, the last to be held before the fall opening of the schools. A large amount of business was transacted including the formation of plans to alter and enlarge the small upstairs space which for some time has had to be utilized for a classroom for the younger children at the Oliphant School, under an assistant.

This is the largest school in the town.

The raspberry season has been unusually short due to a lack of rain at the proper season.

LASHED WHITE WOMEN WITH LEATHER BELT

How Negro Leader of New Sect Dealt With His Followers

Washington, July 21.—Washington police have begun a searching investigation into a new religious sect, following revelations made by white women, who, it is alleged, have been blindly obeying the commands of Jonah S. Sturdivant, a negro preacher.

The women now declare that the negro not only taught his followers to fast, but that he beat them with a leather belt in a religious frenzy. The investigation thus far shows that the negro, who is now serving a prison sentence in Baltimore for bigamy, is wanted by the police of New York and Philadelphia.

Two girls are now said to be at the point of death as a result of fasting and scourging their bodies in the belief that God would open the prison doors for the negro preacher.

Carr's List.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE, By Robert Herrick. THE CITY OF BEAUTIFUL NONSENSE, By F. Temple Thurston. AUCTION BRIDGE, By R. F. Foster.

MARY GARY, By Kate Langley Boshier. NEWPORT DIRECTORY FOR 1910. NEWPORT SOCIAL INDEX, 1910.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

Art Glass Lamp \$3.90 Mission Finish \$3.90

You will be most pleasantly surprised at the broadness of our showing of gas and electric portable lamps, hanging glass domes and lamp accessories. And you will find many exclusive features also, wholly in keeping with the "Titus" individuality. In Art Glass Lamps alone we have over forty varieties.

ONE OF MANY—WE CARRY.

We illustrate a splendid portable Art Glass Lamp with weathered Oak Mission upright base and trimmings, complete ready to use with either gas or electricity. The greenish tint of the glass makes a most effective decorative feature. Combination burner for Artificial or Natural gas or wired with one light key socket for electricity. Complete for \$3.90.

A. C. TITUS CO.,

225-229 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

To WASHINGTON and the SOUTHLAND.

TWO LUXURIOUS TRAINS

FEDERAL EXPRESS **COLONIAL EXPRESS**
Through service. You pass through New York without changing cars. To Indies traveling alone this is a great advantage. These trains are splendidly equipped—ventilated buffet parlor cars and dining car in either direction.
FEDERAL EXPRESS **COLONIAL EXPRESS**
Daily, Sundays included. Daily except Sundays.
Through sleeping cars between Boston and Philadelphia and Washington. Due Washington at 9:45 a. m. Prompt connection for all Southern Winter Resorts.
Excursion Tickets Now On Sale.
For information write A. B. Smith, General Passenger Agent, New Haven, Conn.

NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILROAD.

A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that's buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

169 THAMES STREET.



Do you ever desire to live the hermit life? Telephone service by his summer home will aid the business man to leave the office for days at a time and still keep in touch with all important matters which may arise.
Long Distance wires reach everywhere, you can talk from the Atlantic coast to the Rocky Mountains.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE, 142 Spring St., Newport, R. I.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

To the heirs at law of FRANK C. GRAY, to GEORGINA GRAY, and to all other persons interested in the premises, NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under a certain mortgage deed given by said Frank C. Gray to William B. M. Chace, dated July 25th, A. D. 1906, and recorded in Tiverton, R. I., Mortgage Land Evidence, Book 1, pages 383 and 384, and duly assigned by said William B. M. Chace to Mary A. DeBlais by assignment dated March 25th, 1907, and recorded in Book 2, page 44, of the Mortgage Land Evidence of the Town of Tiverton, R. I., and further assigned by said Mary A. DeBlais to Callista G. Lawton by assignment dated August 25th, 1907, and recorded in Book 2, page 45 of the Mortgage Land Evidence of the Town of Tiverton, R. I., and for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold by public auction on the premises, on

MONDAY, August 15th, 1910.

at 11 o'clock a. m., the premises described in said mortgage deed, as follows, viz: FIRST PARCEL, is bounded Northerly by the Radium land, so called, formerly owned by Abraham Barker, East by the Highway and land of Capt. Isaac Grinnell, late of Tiverton, deceased; Southerly by the Bedford road, and Westerly by the Eight Rod Way, containing one hundred (100) acres more or less.
SECOND PARCEL is bounded Northerly by the Bulger Marsh Road, so called; Easterly by land formerly of Thomas Horne, late of Land Tiverton, deceased; Southerly by land of Elizabeth Durfee, and Westerly by land of the heirs of George W. Fish, late of Tiverton, deceased, containing twenty (20) acres more or less.
Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes and assessments whatsoever. Terms made CASH. CALISTA G. LAWTON, Assignee and present holder of said Mortgage.

Gentleman (blinking violet)—Then I understand you have some knowledge of bartending. You've cut hair, off and on? Applicant—Off, sir, but never on.
Tommy's Mother—Why aren't you a good boy, like Willie Bioney? Tommy—Huh! It's easy enough for him to be good; he's sick most of the time.

RHODE ISLAND STATE COLLEGE.

STANDARD COURSES IN

Agriculture }
Engineering } B. S. Degree
Applied Science }
Home Economics }
SHORT COURSES (Two Years) in
Agriculture } Certificate
Mechanics }
Domestic Economy }

Free Tuition, Excellent Equipment. Board \$3.75 per week; lodging, heat, light, 5 cents per week.
Standard entrance requirements for degree courses. Location beautiful, healthful and accessible.
Address STATE COLLEGE, Kingston, R. I.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., July 18, A. D. 1910.

Estate of John B. Pell, non-resident. JULIA A. B. PELL, of the County and State of New York, Executrix of the last will and testament of John B. Pell, late of said City of New York, deceased, presents to this Court her petition in writing, together with an exemplified copy of said will and of the probate thereof under the seal of the Surrogate's Court, within and for the County of New York, in the State of New York, before which Court said will has been proved, and requesting that said copies may be filed and recorded in the Registry of the Probate Court of said Town of Middletown, according to law, said deceased having left real estate in said Town, whereof said will and probate are a part, and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

It is the aim of the man behind the gun to make his mark.

"Meet Me at Barney's."

Edison Owners Read Our Special Offer.

As an inducement we are giving Edison owners \$5 worth Edison Records FREE!

To have the most lustrous four minute attachment put on their machines at our store.

STANDARD SIZE \$6.00

HOME SIZE \$8.50

BARNEY'S

Music Store,

140 Thames Street.

Newport Casino.

Concert Every

Sunday Evening

From 8 to 10 o'clock.

Admission to grounds during concert 25 cents.

Newport National Bank.

21st Consecutive Semi-Annual Dividend. A semi-annual dividend of 4 1/2 per cent. will be paid the Stockholders on and after July 1, 1910.

HENRY C. STEVENS, Cashier.

7-15-10

ISLAND SAVINGS BANK.

The Semi-Annual Dividend at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum will be paid to the depositors on and after July 1st, 1910.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Treasurer.

7-2

NOTICE To Taxpayers!

OFFICE OF COLLECTOR OF TAXES, City Hall, Newport, R. I.
The tax bills for 1910 are now in my hands for collection and must be paid on or before August 31, 1910.

The time allowed by the Representative Council for the payment of this tax is the thirty-first day of August, 1910, and according to said ordinance (as authorized by the laws of the State), all taxes not paid on or before that date shall carry, until paid, a penalty at the rate of 12 per centum per annum.
Checks accepted.
Office hours 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.
E. W. HIGGEE, Collector of Taxes.

7-11

No. 1563 REPORT

OF THE CONDITION OF THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business June 30, 1910.

RESOURCES.	DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts	\$317,391 10
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	6,917 92
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	2,750 00
Checks and other cash items	35,392 30
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	12,862 71
Real estate, etc.	32,000 00
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	30,945 90
Exchanges for clearing house	3,511 51
Notes of other National Banks	1,315 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	615 00
LAWFULL MONEY RESERVE IN HAND, VIZ:	
Specie	27,431 40
Legal-tender notes	1,158 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	5,000 00
Due from U. S. Treasurer	1,100 00
Total	\$705,817 55

LIABILITIES	DOLLARS
Capital stock paid in	\$100,000 00
Surplus fund	60,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	21,511 91
National Bank notes outstanding	18,500 00
Due to other National Banks	5,151 92
Due to Trust Companies	
and Savings Banks	91,792 15
Dividends unpaid	2,108 00
Individual deposits subject to check	233,558 41
Demand certificates of deposit	10,255 28
Certified checks	392,091 55
Bills payable, including Certificates of Deposit for money borrowed	100,000 00
Total	\$705,817 55

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss. I, George H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of July 1910.

PACER BRAMAN, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: Edward A. Brown, Edward S. Peckham, F. R. Coggeshall, Directors.

No. 162 REPORT

OF THE CONDITION OF THE NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business June 30, 1910.

RESOURCES.	DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts	\$312,850 00
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	801 21
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	110,000 00
Bonds, securities, etc.	55,000 00
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	12,000 00
Real estate	6,231 76
Exchanges for clearing house	288 21
Checks and other cash items	7,491 03
Notes of other National Banks	3,750 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	530 60
LAWFULL MONEY RESERVE IN HAND, VIZ:	
Specie	24,500 00
Legal-tender notes	6,500 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	5,500 00
Total	\$635,530 57

LIABILITIES.	DOLLARS
Capital stock paid in	\$120,000 00
Surplus fund	60,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	35,510 90
National Bank notes outstanding	105,000 00
Dividends unpaid	5,800 00
Individual deposits subject to check	321,000 11
Certificates of deposit	1,117 80
Certified checks	580 00
Cashier's checks outstanding	928 21
Total	\$635,530 57

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss. I, Henry C. Stevens, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

H. C. STEVENS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of July 1910.

HAROLD R. CHASE, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: Albert K. Sherman, Henry Bull, Jr., George W. Sherman, Directors.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

NOTICE.

All Hackney Carriage Licenses, Hackney Carriage Driver's Licenses, Wagon Licenses and Wagon Driver's Licenses now in force under the provisions of Chapter 81 and 82 of the Ordinances of this City will expire on May 31, 1910.

All persons desiring any of the above mentioned licenses for the year beginning with the first Monday in May, 1910, will make application therefor at the office of the Chief of Police, on or before May 20, 1910, that the same may be considered by the Board of Aldermen at the meeting of the said Board to be held May 23, 1910.

By order of JAMES R. CROWLEY, Chief of Police.

4-30-11

IT'S IT.

Cheapest and Best Will not stain Water Acid and Alkali Proof Waterproof and fire-defying Requires no coating for many years. Contests both sides, won't rot underneath. Can be used on steep or flat roofs. Elastic and Pliable. Fire-Resisting.

WHAT IS IT?

CONGO

Never-Leak

Roofing.

WHO DOES IT?

BILL SHEPLEY,

7 Oak Street.

52-11

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

State Board of Public Roads.

Notice to Automobilists.

The State Board of Public Roads will be at the Court House, Newport, R. I., every Thursday, beginning May 27th, 1909, for the purpose of registering Automobiles, and issuing Operators' Licenses from 10.00 a. m. to 4.00 p. m.

52-11

USE

Diamond Hill

BIRD

—AND—

Poultry Grit,

FREE FROM DUST,

White and Clean,

INSURES

Healthy Fowl.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

MAN